THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In musing moments oft we wander back to-days of yore,
And many long departed scenes in fancy ponder o'er—
We think of stately palaces, now ruined piles they stand,
While those who tenanted their halls dwell in the "silent land"—
Yet hearts beat light with joyous thought, or throbbed in bitter woe,
Men lived, and loved, and died as now, one hundred years ago.

Oh! God, where are those precious souls, redeemed at such a cost?
Ah! dreadful thought, to Thy blest view some are too surely lost,
But those who fought the glorious fight are blest for evermore,
With fadeless crowns adorned they stand on the eternal shore.
Ah! may their prayers Thy pity move towards us, who here below
Are striving as they strove on earth, one hundred years ago.

At early dawn the "king of day" illumes the world below—
The humble cot, the stately hall alike in splendor glow—
The silvery moon pursued her course through the deep ether blue,
While golden stars adorned the sky like gems of golden hue—
Oh! mighty Lord! Thy wondrous works a brilliant halo throw
Around Thy name, as they did then, one hundred years ago.

The poor toiled on in misery, the rich in grandeur dwelt,
In many a convent cell at prayer the gentle sisters knelt—
And oft at twilight's soothing hour they sang their vesper hymn—
Its music sweetly echoing throughout the cloister dim,
The sacred chant arose to God in music sweet and low—
For *He* was loved by faithful hearts one hundred years ago.

But darker scenes than these were oft enacted in the past—
And crime a gloomy shade o'er many a guardian spirit cast—
Men walked the earth in haughty mien; in arroganoe they trod,
Spurning Religion's gentle sway; forgetful of their God!
And oft the earth was moistened with the life tide's crimson flow,
For man destroyed his fellow man one hundred years ago.

Such is this world, the joys and fears of those who loved before—
Are all forgot, as ours shall be, ere yet a few years more;
Then why, oh, mortals! strive for wealth, or fading laurels here?
When Death may tear us from our prize before another year—
The mighty heroes of the past, the rich, the great, the low,
All, all are gone who trod the earth one hundred years ago. ALMA.

EVE ISLE:

OR,

THE CALYPSO'S LAST VOYAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM DINGLEY'S DIPLOMACY," &c.

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CHAPTER XXI.

In his imperious wrath at interference from any one, and especially from one he considered an inferior, Ralph Gale had thought to make short work with the man who had presumed to come between him and the object of his unlawful passion. He had confidently expected in a few moments, at farthest, to see Mr. Coonrod a bleeding corpse at his feet, and himself at liberty to pursue the fugitive, whom once recaptured, he resolved should escape from his grasp no more—but he had formed a very inaccurate estimate of the person with whom he had to deal. Cool, wary, and imperturbable, the Long Islander met his mad onslaught, and had it not been that Ralph was perfect master of his weapon, and possessed of unusual physical strength, would soon have terminated the affray in his own favor.

As it was, they were pretty equally matched, Mr. Coonrod making amends for his inferior strength and stature by a certain cat-like suppleness of motion, perfect self-control and iron endurance. For half an hour the combat progressed fast and furious without perceptible advantage, though both were bleeding from wounds that, if not dangerous, were no trifles—round and round each other they moved, constantly seeking to strike a death blow, and being constantly foiled in the effort—there was a continuous sound of knife clashing against knife, and of trampling footsteps, as the men rapidly changed their positions, mingled with an occasional muttered curse or impish jest from Ralph, followed by the mocking ironical repartee of the other, as there, surrounded by night, with the forest behind them, and the ocean solemnly dashing at their feet, they strove like wild animals, each eagerly intent upon the other's life.

Such was the state of the combat when the two, had they been engaged in a less absorbing occupation, would have seen a boat standing shoreward, and glancing over the white crested waves like an arrow. It contained but two persons, a man and a boy, the latter sitting with his hand upon the helm, calmly directing the course of their flying cockle shell, and occasionally uttering a brief word of command to the other, who seemed to have trusted everything to his skill and presence of mind. That the stripling was perfectly equal to his position would have been obvious to a sailor, as the boat neared the spot where the Calypso had let go her anchor the preceding afternoon, and the remnant of sail under which she was standing was hauled down, just at the right moment, leaving her to be borne inward by the surf. The manœuvre was well executed, the little craft rose on the summit of a mountain wave, and was landed high and dry on the beach, the spar went over the side with the shock, and simultaneously Mr. Illdreth and St. Anna sprang out, safe and unharmed, and dragged their boat away, out of reach of the returning wave.

"Thank God! we stand on ground once more," Mr. Illdreth said, fervently, "and we owe our preservation to your undaunted courage and skill; but have you any idea of where we are?"

"On the coast somewhere above Valparaiso, and not very distant from it either, unless I am entirely mistaken in the landmarks with which I used to be familiar enough. Hist! what's that?"

Both listened, and could distinctly hear the sounds of strife at no great distance.

"As I live, two men are fighting up yonder among the trees," St. Anna continued, his keen eye having obtained a shadowy glimpse of the contending figures. "We must know about this, Mr. Illdreth. One don't exactly expect to find two people engaged in such pastime on the borders of a solitary forest at this hour of the night. Let's drag the boat up into the shadows of the bushes, and then for a cautious reconnoitre."

As noiselessly and expeditiously as possible, they drew their boat into a place of security, and then throwing themselves upon their faces, began to creep toward the spot from whence the sounds proceeded. They had advanced but few yards, however, when St. Anna turned—and by a silent, imperative gesture to Mr. Illdreth that he was to remain quietly where he was, and only waiting to see that his signal was understood and obeyed, resumed his serpent-like progress, and in ten minutes was near enough to recognize the men, and indeed he had a strong presentiment of who one of them would prove to be, when he motioned his companion to stop and leave him to proceed alone.

Both Ralph and Mr. Coonrod were entirely unaware of the boat's arrival, so completely was every faculty of each concentrated in endeavoring to obtain an advantage over the other, and with a lurking smile flitting over his dark face, as though he was anticipating the result of some happy inspiration upon which he was about to act, St. Anna crept stealthily forward until only a low bush separated him from them, then watching his opportunity when Ralph's face was turned toward where he lay, he rose suddenly to his feet and stood before him, so near that he might have touched him with his hand, rigid and motionless as a statue.

Like the majority of men who have given unrestrained license to the promptings of a thoroughly wicked heart, Ralph Gale, with all his bravery, was not entirely unsusceptible to superstitious fear, or a dread of supernatural agencies.

With starting eyes and a cheek from which all color had vanished, he stood for one instant glaring at the apparition that seemed to have shot up from the earth, and then his knife dropped from his hand, and with a howl of abject terror he bounded away, and was lost to view in a moment, though his wild cry continued to be heard at short intervals until it died in the distance like the note of some scared bird of the night.

Mr. Coonrod, whose back had been toward the place where St. Anna was standing, and who consequently knew nothing of the cause of Ralph's sudden flight, and stood staring in the direction he had seen him disappear, utterly unable to account for such an unlooked-for *denouement*, until turning round in his bewilderment, his eyes rested upon the still motionless figure, and the mystery was all explained.

It is probable that Mr. Coonrod experienced no inconsiderable perturbation at the appearance, in bodily form, of a person he knew to have been left on a desolate island weeks before, and queries as to the human character of what he saw unquestionably occurred to him, and were disposed of on the spot without argument by the one expressive word "ghost!" but his innate Yankee impudence saved him from any ordinary display of weakness.

"Wall," he said, after taking a deliberate survey of the phantom, "in the words of the immortal Shakspur, be ye a ghost or a damned turkey gobbler? say."

The figure neither moved nor spoke.

"Look here, shipmate," Mr. Coonrod proceeded in an argumentative way, "what in thunder's the use o' bein so everlastin crusty; sposin you du just happen tu be in from kingdom come. Yeou use tu be a chap I sorter took tu, and it goes agin me to think yer dispersition's been soured. Come neow, shake hands sailor fashion and give us the log of yer cruise. It would interest me amazingly."

St. Anna gave way to a fit of merry ringing laughter.

"Come neow, that's hearty any way," Mr. Coonrod went on with an approving nod. "I'm glad tu see ye enj'yin' yerself. How was Mr. Illdreth when yeou left, or is he still wanderin' reound in this vale o' tears? Je-ru-sa-lem! speak o' the devil, and ten tu one, if the cloven-footed critter don't pop up afore yer face and eyes with his tail under his arm. Here's the very man I was askin' arter, or his sperrit. How de du? Mr. Illdreth, how de du? I'm glad tu see ye, I swow I am."

Mr. Illdreth had indeed made his appearance upon the scene. St. Anna's ringing laugh having admonished that whatever reason there might have been for his remaining in the background there was none now, and at once eagerly demanded an explanation.

"Why, you see," St. Anna said, still laughing immoderately, "something whispered in my ear who one of the enterprising individuals was engaged in this affray, when I left you yonder. I was right; for when I had crept near enough, who should I find cutting away at each other like mad but Coonrod and Captain Gale."

"Captain Gale!" Mr. Illdreth repeated, "where is the scoundrel? What has become of him?"

"You must ask the night birds about that. I appeared before the gallant captain, who lays such brave plots to leave people on desert islands, and sail away with defenceless girls, in the character of a ghost. You should have seen him tearing away into the woods scared out of his senses. Unless his strength fails, he'll never stop till he has traversed the continent of South America, and plunges headlong into the Atlantic. Oh! it was rare sport! Of course you heard his howling."

"I must have been deaf if I had not; but what was this all about, Coonrod; and where is the brigantine?"

"Gone tu eternal smash, thank the Lord! Mr. Illdreth," said the Long Islander, still very much in doubt whether to regard his visitor in an earthly or spiritual light.

"Do you mean to say she is wrecked?"

"Yeou'd a'thought if yeou'd been aboard, 'bout the time I left. Struck by lightnin first, then she drifted onto the reef, and went into more pieces than yeou can figure up, if you take time for it."

"And what became of Mr. Fay and his daughter?"

"Both on 'em got ashore safe; and they was about all that did, 'cept the capting and me, and the last I seen on 'em they'd took deck passage on that mule o' Mr. St. Anna's, and was steerin' for the timber like a couple o' hoss thieves."

"But what were you and Ralph trying to cut each other's throats for? I should have thought such a precious pair of rascals would have been the last ones to fall out."

"The deuce of it was, there wan't but one rascal in the play, though I will say for't, 'pearances is agin me; but if yeou'll satisfy my mind on a couple o' pints regardin' which I'm a trifle cloudy, I'll explain it all in a jiffy."

"Ask what you will, only in God's name be quick about it."

"Wal, then, in the first place, I'd like tu know whether yeou might be present here in the flesh or the sperrit? and if yeou are alive, heow the devil yeou come unless yeou flew."

"I believe we are both in the flesh," Mr. Illdreth said, laughing, in spite of the anxiety he felt; and as to your second question, we came in the same boat by which we left the brigantine. St. Anna had the pluck to propose attempting to reach Valparaiso, for which port he felt confident for some reason you had steered. The attempt was made, and solely through his instrumentality proved successful, except that the storm last night compelled us to run in here. The boat lies under the bushes yonder, where we landed less than half an hour ago. There, you have the history of our cruise in a nutshell."

"And it sounds like a noviil," was Mr. Coonrod's comment. "Mr. St. Anne, yeour what we call up in my section, that is in Ister Bay, Long Island, a perfect brick; but if it hadn't a been for me, you'd a missed yeour latitude and longitude by sev'ral pints, by lookin' arter the brig in the direction of Valparaiso."

"Never mind this nonsense, but tell us what you know of Gertrude's whereabouts, at once," St. Anna said, impatiently.

"At once it is—and here goes from Alphy to Omegy, of a little the most astonishin' yarn yeou ever heered outside the fo'castle of a man-o'-war."

And without farther delay Mr. Coonrod proceeded in his own grotesque style to give a circumstantial account of the reasons why he had shipped on board the Calypso, and of all that had transpired since Mr. Illdreth and his companion had been abandoned on the island.

"You're a noble fellow, and shall not be the loser by your fidelity," Mr. Illdreth said, when the strange story was concluded, while St. Anna danced about in an ecstacy of delight, and finally astonished the first officer of the late brigantine Calypso, by throwing his arms around his neck, and giving him a hearty kiss.

"I don't know's I've done anything to brag on," was his nonchalant rejoinder; "and look here, Master St. Anna, although it's highly gratifyin' tu my feelins, to observe the 'prociation yeou show of my conduct, you'll excuse me for mentionin' that I don't care a cuss about being kissed by boys."

St. Anna reddened and turned away manifestly disconcerted in the same unaccountable manner to which allusion has been previously made—but in this instance his conduct excited no attention, for Mr. Illdreth immediately continued—

"But now about finding the fugitives, Coonrod; and when they are found, how are we to get to Valparaiso? I infer that is the nearest port, from what you say."

"All can be done in time—but we'd better wait 'till it's a bit lighter—one wants daylight and plenty of it, to foller mule tracks through these woods; and in the meantime, we might as well throw an eye along the shore, 'cause if any o' them bloody villains has escaped alive, it's my 'pinion we'd better 'pint their funerals right off."

Without altogether endorsing this homicidal proposal, Mr. Illdreth followed the mate's lead, and they presently stood upon the beach. Far up and down they could perceive in the uncertain light of coming morning, it was strewn with pieces of the wreck, broken furniture, and fragments of cargo; but of their late companions, living or dead, they saw no indications until Mr. Coonrod's practised eye discerned a floating object, which he declared to be Dr. Small, the black steward, "who'd got straddle o' the foreyard," he remarked, "as though he was ridin' tu Boston—but he was the likeliest cuss among 'em, if he was a nigger, and he guessed they'd better tow him ashore."

This proposition was of course acceded to. Mr. Illdreth's boat was re-launched, and in less than half an hour Dr. Small, with his head still swathed in the bandages Gertrude had assisted to arrange after the brutal blow he had received from Captain Gale, stepped on shore, holding in his hand a capstan bar.

"Ye see, Mr. Illdreth," the mate said, in an explanatory way, "the doctor here, got the allfiredest welt from the capting last night right over the coso'aut jest for nothin' at all; and I'm blest if he hant got the very cudgel in his paw neow, that'd have cracked his skull if it hadn't been solid bone. Heow du ye find yerself, doctor?"

"Small 'members him," was the laconic reply. "Small 'll never forget. D—n him!"

The boat still contained some remnants of her carefully husbanded stores, upon which the party made a hasty breakfast, and then the sun being risen, the little craft was again concealed; and the tracks of the mule having been discovered, they struck in the forest following the trail, St. Anna leading the way with his quick, nervous stride, and the gigantic negro, with his grim, blood-begrimed visage bringing up the rear, grasping in his huge hand the capstan bar.

CHAPTER XXII.

While Gertrude slumbered, and the lady of the *casa* kept watch beside her couch, Mr. Fay was no less hospitably entertained by the Idumean, who had already rendered him such essential service. Food and drink was set before the guest, and gladly would his host have furnished him with a change of raiment, but unfortunately his wardrobe was limited to the scanty dress that covered his own person.

A wetting, however, in that torrid climate was no serious matter to an old tourist, and Mr. Fay having made a comfortable repast, gladly threw himself into a hammock and was soon in the land of dreams.

When he awoke it was near midday, and intensely hot. Gertrude still slept in consequence of the composing draught, and the lady of the *casa* would not permit her to be disturbed, intimating her intention of keeping her to herself and quiet for the rest of the day, so the Idumean prepared coffee for his guest and himself, and as they partook of it, by a few seemingly careless questions, Mr. Fay led his companion on to speak of his own life.

It had scarcely been more eventful than that of a majority of seamen. He had been born on the desert in the land of Idumea upon which the vials of God's wrath were once poured because of the refusal of the ancient Edomitish king to permit the children of Israel, returning from captivity to pass through his dominions, and then was spoken the curse, "My sword shall be bathed in heaven, behold it shall come down upon Idumea, upon the people of my curse to judgment," which has been so fearfully fulfilled in the utter desolation of that once rich and powerful kingdom.

So a man of Mr. Fay's reading and travel it was an incident worth noting to meet this solitary descendant of the builders of Petra, and to find him, untutored savage that he was by nature and scarcely improved by culture, a member of the same mystic brotherhood with himself, and discover that he had somewhere in the distant Orient learned all that was essential of the same ancient ritual by which for ages individuals of the great fraternity had made themselves known to each other throughout the world. Consequently it was with no ordinary interest he heard him relate with many Oriental figures and metaphors, how when a youth he had been beset by a strong desire to see the world, and that at last he found his way to Joppa, where he shipped on a Mediterranean trader. Near the Straits of Gibraltar his vessel had been wrecked, and he had been picked up when nearly exhausted by another in which he remained until it landed him at Melbourne, Australia. Availing himself of the first opportunity that offered to ship again, and caring very little whither he went, he had found himself next in the port of London, from whence he sailed in a South Sea whaler, that after a cruise of nearly three years, was wrecked on the western coast of South America, where he had remained ever since, and a love for his old predatory life returning, he had collected about him a small band, mostly renegade seamen, and without the smallest notion that he was pursuing other than a reasonably legitimate calling set up for a bandit, and at this time was in a fair way to become the terror of Valparaiso, whose citizens he captured and put to ransom after the manner of his early education.

Of the woman who seemed to be his companion, he spoke with some reserve. She was a wonderful person, he averred—he had found her under peculiar circumstances, and strangely situated—her knowledge was great, and it was his opinion that she held communication with the Holy Prophet, and it was a source of constant wonder why she condescended to bless his dwelling with her presence.

It may be supposed that this vague account of a person who had already awakened the gentleman's curiosity, as well as that of his daughter, did not lessen the interest he felt in her, but it was clearly impossible to obtain any reliable information concerning her from a man upon whose susceptible fancy she seemed to have found the means of producing a profound impression.

The remainder of the day was passed in looking over the settlement which had little about it to interest, being, as has been already mentioned, nothing more than a small collection of *casas* of the simplest construction, and apparently the abodes of a little community who subsisted upon the proceeds of the chase, and the nearly spontaneous productions of the soil, as do so large a proportion of the Indian and half-caste population of South America. The evidences of their hunting taste indeed were so conspicuous that a New York detective would have thought the thing overdone—and in the great variety of skins and other sylvan trophies everywhere visible, would have been very apt to suspect an intuition to conceal a different and less innocent calling.

But these disguises, if such they might be called, were the suggestions of a graceless reprobate of great influence in the band, who claimed to be and very likely was a native of Boston, and having become a mature desperado at a very early age, had taken to the sea in the first place to escape the consequences of some particularly audacious infraction of the law, and had been a vagabond ever since, always the associate of the most lawless and abandoned, and just the kind of person who would have been considered invaluable by Captain Morgan in old buccaneering times, for his sagacity, clear-headed judgment, and constitutional aversion to everything that remotely approximated to morality.

Why such an accomplished rascal was content to remain in a subordinate capacity was one of the mysteries that must remain unexplained, although it is not improbable that the grave, dignified bearing of the Idumean, the fatalistic creed of the religion he professed almost doing away with the idea of individual free agency, and the circumstance of his belonging to a nation whose hand has been against every man since judgment was first pronounced against the descendants of Hagar's child, all combined to raise him in the estimation of his associates, who born and bred as most of them had been in Christian lands, and had degenerated into something infinitely worse than heathen, above the level of a common robber, and therefore designated him as their legitimate leader.

Each of the members of this interesting confederacy had his little *casa*, which he shared in common with a native woman, who was at once the slave of his passions, and performed all the manifold duties that devolve upon a wife in more favored regions, and as none were absolutely abused, and had but vague ideas if any of the sanctity attached by civilized nations to the marriage contract, they were passably content, never dreaming that their lives were particularly hard, or in any way censurable.

Towards evening the Boston gentleman to whom allusion has just been made came for orders, and after a brief conference with his chief, in a language with which Mr. Fay was not familiar, withdrew again, and presently after

appeared at the head of his band, which a closer inspection showed to consist of a mercurial Frenchman, a sedate Spaniard, a phlegmatic German, a Sandwich Islander, and a Pole, recrossed the chasm with them and disappeared in the forest.

Having given such attention to his business affairs the Idumean assumed his customary cross-legged position upon the ground, and intimated his desire to be informed of the particulars of his guests' late disaster, and Mr. Fay feeling assured that he might repose implicit faith in him on fraternal grounds, if no other, and knowing moreover that it was by no means certain that they were yet beyond the reach of Ralph Gale's daring hand complied, and went into a circumstantial account of the voyage and its unfortunate consequences.

The Idumean listened in dignified silence, and when all had been told, took his pipe from his mouth, blew a dense cloud of smoke upward, and raising his eyes and hands to heaven ejaculated, "God is merciful! My brother has indeed been brought in safety through many perils. On the morrow my followers shall discover whether this man who would have done the damsel such monstrous wrong still lives. If he does his days are numbered—he shall die the death of a dog."

He then proceeded to inform Mr. Fay that but a short distance from the scene of the brig's catastrophe he had a small vessel concealed, that was perfectly competent to make a much longer voyage than was necessary to reach Valparaiso, and that as soon as they were sufficiently recovered from their fatigue, and it had been definitely ascertained how the combat between Ralph Gale and Mr. Coonrod had terminated, they should be landed as near as prudence would permit a gentleman of the Idumean's peculiar ideas of legitimate business to approach a place where he had a somewhat notorious reputation.

Mr. Fay warmly thanked him, and it seemed that the combination of dangers of which himself, but more especially his daughter, had been so long the sport were at last overcome, but with this reflection was blended a painful anxiety to learn the fate of the generous sailor who had so bravely perilled his life in their favor.

As the shadow of falling night began to settle over them, bringing no note or tidings of Mr. Coonrod, this anxiety was becoming intense to the last degree, when a woman hastily entered the apartment, and announced that four strangers had just stopped on the other side of the chasm, apparently at a loss how to proceed farther.

The Idumean immediately went out for the purpose of reconnoitering, Mr. Fay following, whose astonishment may be imagined when he recognized not only Mr. Coonrod, for whose safety he felt so much solicitude, but Mr. Illdreth and St. Anna, and with them the steward of the wrecked brigantine strangely armed with a capstan bar.

"That is the friend I was expecting," Mr. Fay said, "and he brings with him two others I never expected to see again, the two whom I told you were left on the island. The negro is a serving man who belonged to the vessel."

"God is great," exclaimed the Idumean. "Wonders will never cease—the thing you tell me is marvellous, but I can tell you what is infinitely more so. More than twenty years ago the Sheikh of our tribe brought that lad yonder through the land of Idumea to Petra, and he lingered with us many days, and behold? he seems younger now than then."

Mr. Fay said nothing, though his thoughts went back to Stephen Darrow, whom he too had met in the land of Idumea, a quarter of a century ago, and whose extraordinary likeness to this Spanish youth had occurred to him the night when he first encountered him at Valparaiso.

Without farther delay the Idumean indicated the spot where the chasm might be passed, and the next moment the friends so strangely separated, and so unexpectedly reunited, were exchanging congratulations, and asking and answering questions, as to all that had befallen them since they last looked upon each others' faces.

CHAPTER XXIII.

When Gertrude awoke she found the lady of the *casa* still beside her; but a tempting meal of game, fruit, and coffee, had been prepared, and was set forth on a rude table in the same apartment.

"Are you rested, dear?" was the first inquiry addressed to her, in that sweet mournful voice that thrilled her inmost soul with the burden of sorrow and weariness it seemed to convey.

"I am quite rested, madam, and you are very kind. To meet and be thus tenderly cared for by one of my own sex, after all that I have passed through in the last few weeks, touches me beyond expression."

The wan face upon which such terrible suffering was written softened it into a smile so sad, that Gertrude could scarcely behold it without weeping, as she replied—

"The pleasure I feel in again seeing one like you, is like a draught of clear, cold water to one who has been wandering on a scorched desert until death, from tormenting thirst, held him in its very embrace. But, rise and eat. It is not much that I can offer to tempt the appetite of a lady, but such as I have is freely given."

Gertrude needed no second bidding, for she was faint from long abstinence, and was soon doing ample justice to a repast too skillfully prepared to require apology. The lady of the *casa* watched her with evident satisfaction, and without being persistent or officious, so delicately anticipated her guest's every want, and was so manifestly desirous of doing all in her power to promote her comfort, that it would have been strange indeed, if the young girl's heart had not gone out towards her, as to a friend whom she had long known and loved, and of whose regard she had had frequent and convincing proofs.

When the meal was finished, and while Gertrude was still toying with the delicious coffee, the lady of the *casa* sat regarding her with such undisguised though not impertinent admiration, that she became somewhat disconcerted. Observing this, her companion hastened to apologize.

"Pardon me," she said, "but you are so fair, so like a dream of the life I once knew and now look back upon, so far away in the past, that the glimpses I have of it are all shadowy and unreal, that I cannot help looking at you—and your voice is the sweetest music my ears ever heard. If I am not intrusive, let me ask you to speak of yourself, of the late misfortunes at which you hinted, unless the subject is too painful, or of anything, so that I hear your voice."

Gertrude's heart told her that these were no idle words of compliment. And with a generous wish of affording one moment's poor comfort to that forlorn ruin of a woman, she proceeded to relate the reasons that had prompted her father and herself to undertake the voyage, and all that had befallen her since they set forth upon their ill-starred expedition.

"You have been mercifully preserved from such danger as seldom menaces one of your condition in life," said the lady of the *casa* when the narrative was concluded, "but if there is a God, and who can doubt it, He must be always looking down with more than a Father's love upon such pure innocent heads as yours, and the wickedness of man is powerless to harm you."

"Dear madam," Gertrude said, with unaffected earnestness, "do not speak to me in such terms of unmerited praise. It is true my name is spotless, through the gracious care of my Heavenly Father who has kept me from temptation that might have overcome my feeble strength, but I am no more innocent of a thousand weaknesses and foibles than the rest of my sex."

"Dear child, how little you know the dark history of many of your sister women, or the fearful punishment that is sometimes meeted out to them. Standing before you as I do, and looking back upon my guilty life, and what my sin brought upon me, I feel humbled into the dust, as though I was unworthy to touch the hem of your garment."

"Madam," Gertrude said, rising and taking the worn hand of the other in a warm grasp, "what wrong you have done, I know not. You have expiated it by suffering, that has left its indelible impress on your face; and I trust by sincere repentance also. I am only a woman—one who has been more fortunate than you, yet still only a woman, with a woman's frailties, and liability to err. Let me comfort you, for I pity you from my heart."

"You would spurn me if you knew my wretched story."

"Not till I forget that meeting at the Well of Samaria between Him who knew no sin, and one who had wandered widely. Tell me your story; I can promise you an attentive and sympathizing listener."

"Of your sympathy I feel assured; and I will tell you of my life—more strange in its details than any book of fiction—though pardon me for dreading that, when you know all, your kind pity will be exchanged for another sentiment."

Gertrude replied by drawing the poor wreck to a seat beside her, and encircling her waist with her arm.

"You must know, then," continued the lady of the *casa*, with a strong effort, as though it cost her a bitter struggle to speak of her dreary past, "that I am of Italian parentage, although my father, while I was yet a child too young to recollect it, removed to Honolulu, where he was largely interested in commercial and mercantile pursuits. In that city I grew to womanhood the petted darling of doting parents, the indulged recipient of everything that love could devise or wealth purchase, courted, admired, and flattered by all.

"I ought to have been happy, and I was. Sorrow I scarcely knew, except as a word representing something of which I had no experimental knowledge, until chance, I cannot call it an evil one, notwithstanding the unutterable misery it brought me, for it also opened to my view such an exquisite happiness, that now, after all these crushing years, my dead withered heart almost beats at the remembrance of it, threw me in the way of one, by birth an Englishman, by name Richard Mallistien.

"Why he fascinated my young imagination I cannot explain. What woman ever could tell what it was that led her fancy captive? He was not young—he was not strikingly handsome—he was not rich—nor was his name one for which I could have exchanged my own, without being the loser in the estimation of the world; and to conclude the list of negatives, he was utterly unprincipled, and I knew it before I had been acquainted with him a month; yet I loved him blindly with my whole impassioned heart, without stopping to question where or how it was to end, with an utter abandonment of soul that knew no other object of adoration, wished for no other, had no other, that would have prompted me to go with him to the world's farthest end, share with him any privation, toil for him at the meanest drudgery, meet and taste death that he might live, and that finally brought me to resign, for his sake, home, friends, and a maiden's crowning glory.

"How long after the diadem was gone from my brow, I met another, a gentleman of wealth, integrity, and unblemished honor, I cannot now remember, but it must have been some time, for my cheek no longer crimsoned at my own thoughts. He was much older than my lover; in every way his superior; a sea captain, by profession; and a friend of my father—one he had known for years, and to whom he was warmly attached. He saw me the centre round which a brilliant social circle revolved; for none dreamed of the depths to which I had sunk to rise no more. He conceived for me a tender, holy passion, so deep and fervent, that when he told me of it, even my heart festering with the hideous ulcers of a guilty love, felt its genuineness; and never was truth spoken with a drearier sense of its full import than when, I with bowed head, told him I was unworthy of the affection he offered me.

"He did not understand my words in the sense in which I used them—how should he have been able to comprehend anything so monstrous? He declined to consider my answer final—he insisted upon my taking time to reflect, and although I assured him that no time could alter the nature of my sentiments, he would not be convinced, and came again.

"Before that time, however, Richard Mallistien had learned from social gossip, that I had made a new conquest, and from me, the particulars of the avowal I had received. Without a moment's hesitation he proposed that I should accept the offer, and become the bride of an honorable man, that I might plunder him of money, and bestow it on the hideous parasite that had so completely exhausted the original good of my nature, that I consented to the scandalous deception, and when the generous offer was repeated, I accepted it, with the full concurrence of my father, who felt that he was confiding his child to safe keeping, and in due time we were married.

"Within a very brief period, but how brief I do not now remember, my husband set sail on his homeward voyage, I accompanying him, and in the same vessel was domiciled Richard Mallistien, who, in accordance with a preconcerted plan, applied for passage to New York the day before we sailed, assigning as a reason that business affairs required his presence in that city. His application had been promptly accepted by the man who was kindly pleased to learn that his young wife was to have the companionship of an old acquaintance, who was regarded in the society of Honolulu as a finished gentleman, little dreaming of the relation I sustained toward him, or that the money he received from his passenger was the identical coins given me the preceding day to effect some imaginary additions to my wardrobe.

"You will ask me how I felt while acting this horrible masquerade. I have no words that will describe my sensations. I only know that I seemed to be sinking deeper, deeper into a fathomless abyss, and was so completely under the sway of Richard Mallistien, that I made no effort but to follow where he guided, though I knew the path led to perdition in the future world, and a presentiment, ever present and fearful, rested on my heart that ruin, sudden and irredeemable, awaited me in this.

"By what means my husband learned the nature of the plot in which he was involved, I never knew. He left me at my toilet one morning with his accustomed, tenderly, deferential manner, and returned within an hour, calm, but terrible in his righteous indignation. He closed the door upon us two, and showed me in a few moments, in which were condensed years of life, that he understood the indignity that had been practised upon him, in all its revolting minutia. I did not swoon—I did not cry out—I did not attempt to palliate or deny what was true, word for word—I only stood with a sensation of falling through infinite space, waiting to hear him speak my doom.

"I expected, without pausing to reason, that death would be my portion, but I was disappointed. Leaving me there without an intimation of what was to befall me, he passed out and locked the door behind him.

"I saw him no more for a week, it might have been a little longer. Two or three times a day, some food was thrust into me by some one whom I never saw, or tried to see. I wandered in a kind of nightmare that never left me—never released my faculties for a moment, and I neither thought nor cared for what punishment I was reserved.

"At last he came again, and in a harsh, peremptory voice, ordered me to come on deck. I obeyed—still feeling utterly indifferent, although I vaguely thought I was about to die. I remember noticing that my husband was changed almost beyond recognition, in the few days that had elapsed since I had last seen him, and upon the faces of the crew there was an expression so stern and unpitying that something like terror found its way into my heart and relieved its dull apathy.

"Two or three of the seamen held among them Richard Mallistien, and their looks suggested the suspicion that they would presently tear him in pieces, and it then occurred to me that it was perhaps to see this that I had been summoned, but no! my husband was pointing towards a little island near which the ship was lying, and without understanding his words, the impression was conveyed to me that there lay my doom.

"My apathy was all dispelled in one overwhelming sense of horror, in which I must have had a prospective glimpse of what awaited me in that dread prison. I fell upon my knees and besought for mercy—for any punishment but that. It was of no avail—I might as well have spoken to the wind. A boat was lowered—Richard Mallistien and I were placed within it, and rowed toward the shore, and in our wake followed another, containing my own property and his, with every article that had been in the cabin I had occupied, some provisions, and a few tools and weapons, and when all these, together with ourselves, had been landed on the beach, the boats pulled away, the ship spread her sails and left us there.

"I looked at Richard Mallistien. He had changed more terribly than my husband, for from the strong, dashing, brilliant man of society, he was transformed into an abject thing, who cowered upon the ground meanly, bemoaning his fate, and accusing me, who had freely given so much for his sake, of being the cause of his ruin.

"Then it was that the full horror of my situation burst upon me, and had my husband been there present, and a weapon within my reach, I should have slain him, for great as my sin had been, it was deserving of no such refinement of cruelty, at least I thought so.

"But I will not weary you by relating in detail how that abject creature became more abject each day, until I loathed him—how, almost unaided, I built the hut that sheltered us, he only assisting when my strength was inadequate to the task—how he constantly upbraided me, though I toiled like a slave—how he continually grew weaker in body and soul, until like a taper he burned out and was dead.

"When I saw his body lying there at my feet, and the consciousness forced itself upon one that I was then the only living creature in that solitude, something of the old love that had long been dead in my heart came back, and with my own hands I dug a grave beneath a wide spreading tree before my lowly cottage door, and there, at the solemn hour of midnight I buried him, and spent many weary days thereafter in tracing upon a stone his name, and when he died. We had been on the island eight months.

"Of my life that followed I must not speak, except with the utmost brevity. To recall it anything like circumstantially would deprive me of reason, but you will pity me I know when I tell you that fifteen weary years, which were like one endless night, I remained the sole occupant of that little islet, hoping to die, yet not daring to take my own life, laboring incessantly for weeks at anything to divert the thoughts that consumed me, and then for weeks more I would sit brooding on a rock that overlooked the ocean, straining my tired eyes for the sails that never came in sight, and when night closed around me lying down on Richard Mallistien's grave, for the wretched semblance of companionship his buried body afforded me.

"Then there followed a period of apathy so complete and overwhelming that my senses scarcely survived it. I almost lost the power of speech, and can only vaguely remember of wandering up and down, impressed with the idea that I was seeking something I had long lost and might find. Whether that period lasted months or years I cannot tell any more than I can explain how I subsisted during that long, dreary night.

"It did end, suddenly and unexpectedly one day, when I awoke from my trance to see standing before my cottage door the man who brought you hither, and two or three companions. They had been driven out of their course in a gale, and had made my island for safety.

"I could give no account of myself, I could not even tell how long I had been there, and it was only after the lapse of months that my memory returned and enabled me to comprehend it from knowing the date of my release. The savage, for such he was, brought me away with him, having first at my request made known more by signs than words, destroyed every article the house contained, except a few trifles I had the sense to care for and wish to preserve.

"From that time to the present moment he has given me a home, and treated me with the deference due to a superior, though by no art of mine have I ever attempted to impose upon his credulity, nor do I know ought of him, except that he is an Arab and a Mahommedan, and may be most likely is the leader of a band of banditti. You have my story now, and if Hugh Illdreth knew the unutterable extent of my suffering, he would pity if he could not forgive me, I am sure."

"Hugh Illdreth!" repeated Gertrude, upon whose excited imagination a light had begun to glimmer sometime before, and now the whole truth stood revealed to her. "It was Hugh Illdreth's nephew and adopted son with whom we sailed, and he made the voyage at the testamentary request of his uncle, lately dead, for some purpose unknown to me at the time, although I can now understand, that it was to seek and rescue you if living, but alas! he is immured in the the same prison from which you have escaped."

"Then on his death bed my husband must have forgiven me! but miserable wretch that I am! I have been the cause of consigning this man and his young companion to a fate which I know the horrors. But they shall be rescued. The Arab shall go in search of them at once."

She hastily opened the door connecting with the outer apartment, but started back and half-closed it again—not soon enough to prevent Gertrude from seeing, that the Idumean was just entering, accompanied by her father, and with them alive and unharmed was Mr. Illdreth and St. Anna.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

POESY.

Baptisms of grace and glory descend from starry thrones,
The trees are harps of gladness—the woods are books of songs;
The cuckoo's vocal sonnet, the lark's angelic tone,
Spring's rosy couch of blossoms, and winter's jewelled throne,
God's laureate, the ocean, with hallelujahs grand,
And His chorister, the wind, with psalms so sweet and bland,
The maiden at the altar, the saint bent down in prayer,
All, all proclaim the Muses' fame—there's poesy everywhere.

Borrow the wings of Morning, and soar where'er you may;
Follow the queenly Summer along her flowery way.
Goddess of radiant glory! Enchantress, kind and true!
Where'er her footsteps linger, their prints are flowers and dew.
Sweet Poesy with woman to earth in Eden came;
It lights the torch of passion, and kindles Hymen's flame,
Love is its throne for ever, and truth its royal realm—
'Tis God's voice in the Spirit, when dark storms overwhelm;
It rears its sacred altar in cot as well as hall,
Like light, and air, and grace, and prayer, 'tis God's dear gift to all.

'Tis in the tingling rapture, when friends long parted meet,
The rose-bloom of affection when heart to heart doth beat,
The mother's garnered relics of the child she could not save,
The little blue-eyed flow'rets that deck the infant's grave,
The still and empty cradle that needs no rocking more,
The tress, the ring, the portrait, the memories of yore,
In joy, and love, and sorrow, in all that's good and fair,
In peace and strife, in death and life, there's poesy everywhere.

God is the great High Poet, his volume Nature is,
And every page is spangled with gems of love and bliss;
He spake its holy language, who blessed a little child,
Who gathered thoughts from lilies, and prayed on mountains wild,
Whose words went forth like minstrels, each human heart to cheer,
Whose life was one sweet poem, to all for ever dear;
It strings the harps of seraphs, sweeps o'er the starry seven,
Its perfect prime's in Eden's clime—the home of song is heaven.

SHELDON CHADWICK.

Nothing Like "Genius."

A very curious story has just been started, and will go the rounds of the press. Two young men and expert swimmers, employed in Fulton Market, made an agreement by which one of them was to "accidentally" tumble off of the Brooklyn ferry boats whenever an opportunity occurred, and the other was to jump in after him and rescue him. The motive of this extraordinary proceeding is equally curious. It was not to collect money from the passengers; but the rescuer wanted to get his name in the papers, and the rescued man received five dollars from his comrade every time he fell overboard. We cannot swallow this story. It reads like a made-up item by a seedy Brooklyn reporter, anxious to realize his little penny a line and out of legitimate news. Why, the young butcher could have got his name in the papers at any time by handing the five dollars to the reporter, thus saving himself all the trouble and discomfort of the ducking.

☞ A Hs "Waterfall."—An old gentleman walked down Broadway the other day, attracting much attention because he wore his hair in a net. It was his own, too, which is more than all the ladies can say of their baggish adornments. This is the first he waterfall on record.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1865.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined. "In Memory of ——." "To One Departed." "The Wife's Victory." "Coming Home at Last."

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

Our good Mayor has been called upon to aid in a most distressing case, recently, and the manner in which he has discharged the duties which he took upon himself, should win for him the highest encomiums of all good citizens.

A day or two since, a young, rather pretty, and quite an intelligent young lady, came to him and claimed to have been deserted by her husband. She was a native of Canada, and had been educated there in a convent, where he saw her. We presume it was a case of love at first sight, in as much as they were married (against the will of her friends) in three days after the acquaintance began. Starting upon their bridal tour, they went to Saratoga, Newport, Niagara, and all the fashionable places, living in style. He sported a handsome wardrobe and plenty of money, and of course "all went merry as a marriage bell." Arriving in New York, the young wife thought she saw something in her husband's conduct that savored of wrong doing. She feared he intended to desert her, and told him so, when he had been absent longer than usual. If the story of the lady be true, and we have no cause to doubt it, the man is the most arrant hypocrite that breathes. Every night he held family prayers, and deported himself in a way calculated to inspire her highest confidence, until the last hour came, in which he showed the cloven foot unmistakably. Monday morning he had intended to leave her; but she supposes his conscience smote him. He returned, and then it was she told him her fears. Tuesday morning he did elope, leaving a letter in

which he stated that she had been right; he had meant to leave her, and now intended to carry out his plans. In the letter was a railroad ticket to take her back to her family, where he advised her to go. Her hotel bill was paid, and all expenses defrayed; but he left her only ten dollars apart from this for emergencies.

As soon as the poor young creature could realize the truth of her position, she resolved to follow him. He had ordered his letters sent to Philadelphia. Believing he would send for them, she hastened to this city and saw the P. M., after having laid her case before the Mayor. Sure enough a letter came from the truant, ordering his letters to be sent to a certain address in New York. She recognized the letter as his, and resolved to accompany the detective back to New York to find him.—While here she stayed at a private boarding-house, where she was very kindly treated. The steps she took in the matter betrayed an intelligence and readiness to meet distressing emergencies beyond what is usually found in young school girls. On Thursday morning she left the city for New York. What she will do with the truant when she finds him remains to be told. On the whole the affair is quite sensational and interesting.

Such a scoundrel deserves the most severe punishment, and we hope he will get it. We might here hint that this story may not contain a useless lesson for young ladies anxious to marry. There may be a great deal of romance in such hurried nuptials, but there is little wisdom. Ladies had better know who and what men are before they give themselves so wholly into their power.

A Word to the Wise is Sufficient.

We would like to call the attention of the *Board of Health* to the condition of the streets at the present time. For some weeks they have been bad, and constantly growing worse. In many places, they have become positively too offensive to traverse with any degree of patience; and if this continues much longer, what safety have we from the plagues which arise from such impurities? Philadelphia has the name of being the cleanest city in the Union. Strangers walking through her streets now, would not coincide with those who gave her this reputation. It is true that her walls are not black with the smoke of bituminous coal; but it would puzzle us to point out anything else just now, calculated to give her a superior claim to cleanliness. Thousands of our population have been swept away by war; let us hope that thousands have not yet to fall before the irresistible tide of a fearful pestilence. Let us have our streets and gutters cleaned, and keep the air pure. With all the impurities accumulating in them during this intensely hot weather, it is enough to breed the most dire diseases among us. When shall we see the necessary work begun? Will not the proper authorities attend to it at once? We hope so.

COURTESY AND CREDIT.

Perhaps the editor of Moore's *Rural New Yorker* refuses to credit Madeline upon the no trust principle, but his honor the Mayor of the city of Rochester, being a magistrate, ought to mete out justice. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is easily abbreviated into SAT. EVE. POST. Besides the publishers are liberal men, and deserve *credit* for slices from their "Kitchen Cabinet."

MADELINE.

SCENES IN A "SANCTUM."

No. 2.

A low laugh roused me from the half sad reverie into which I was falling. The Ex-Editor held in his hand a letter, while with his head thrown back carelessly, he indulged his merriment unrestrained.

"What is it?"

He put the letter in my hand. I looked down the yellow page, and read with difficulty the scrawling characters. It was dated four years back, from a little town in Northern New York.

"To the editur of the *Poast:* deer Sur—I send you a stoary for your excellent papur, which I hoap you will print. I am very ambishus, tho I hev no great opportunities to cultivate my genius fur siting. My husband enjoys a very poor helth, and I have six children to take care ov, but I love to rite, and this is my second storay. I sent the first one to my father's folks to hum, but you shall hev this, and you may pay me just what you're a mind to, as I haint established my name yet, so'e to make it of much consequence to you. If at any time in the future, you want anything from my pen, I shall be happy to oblige you, as I hev a fertil brain and a ready flow of languidge. You will, perhaps, find sum mistakes in this, as I rite with the children playing round me, and my babby on my knee. please let me heare from you sune. SUSAN BARRETT."

I could not help laughing, also. All the words which were spelled or written correctly, seemed to have been jumbled into the mass by sheer accident. Sentences were sometimes commenced with capitals, oftener without. Altogether, it was an odd epistle, with its mixture of assurance and the picture it revealed of a hardly tried woman, laboring for her family with the evident confidence of success in this new, untried field. I laughed, but away down in my heart felt sorry. The Ex-Editor was watching me, hugely enjoying what he saw in my face.

"Don't laugh," I said, curtly. "I can't help it. *Why* will people try to do what they have no faculty for. Really, ignorance is the most lamentable thing! That poor woman thinks she can write, and who knows what bright hopes for her sick husband and numerous children were shattered, as the days, weeks, months and years sped silently, with no answer from you?"

"But it could not be helped."

"Certainly not. But, do you know I think I should have written to her—a kind, frank note—ending her suspense—telling her that she could never do anything in this way, and not to waste time and energy uselessly?"

A prolonged laugh rewarded me.

"Try that style once, and you will have your hands full. They will want to know your *reasons* for refusing, and *why* they cannot write as well as anybody. You will be importuned to criticize these rich productions, and point out all the faults—to do which you must wipe out all that is written, and produce anew from your own brain. In a month I should find you surrounded by heaps of letters, stories, poems, &c., with half-a-dozen clerks to answer them. THE POST would have to go begging for "copy," because you could not possibly find time from your benevolent avocations to select and furnish it."

We both laughed again at the rather comical picture. Out came a fresh pile of letters on my lap, from which the dust curled up gracefully and settled all over my face and hair. Among them was a roll of MS., from which fell a small pencil sketch designed to illustrate the *denouement*. The chirography was elegant—delicate, clear, ladylike. But the title! I gazed at it in amazement.

"What have you there?"

"'The Severed Toe, or The Strange Woman of Clodden Heights.' Of course you have read this wonderful story. Is it good? I am quite interested."

"Read it then. I assure you I never had the courage to do so."

"I will," I answered, and looking down the closely written pages, made a wry face. But as I *did* read it afterward, and repeated the sum and substance briefly for the Ex-Editor's benefit, perhaps the friends of THE POST would like to hear it, also.

The story opened with a gloomy prison, in which was confined a beautiful woman, bemoaning her hapless fate. In the second chapter the reader is told how she came there, long years before. A fierce knight had loved her; the lady loved another man better than he, and married him. Her husband, being in the army, was a great part of the time absent, and once after a battle some ruffians came to her with a token from him, that she was to hasten to his side. Making all preparations hastily, she was borne hence by the ruffians and concealed in that gloomy prison by the order of her knightly lover, who took her little daughter from her, and caused it to be reported that she was dead. After many years, this little child grew into a lovely maiden, and fled from her home, where she was very unhappy. Dressed in a boy's suit, she made her way to a vessel, on which she became *cabin boy*, afterward finding out that the ship was a pirate's vessel, and from which she and a midshipman soon plotted to escape. They took a boat, and finally found themselves safe out to sea—were drifted ashore and cared for by a rude fisherman, in whose cot they tarried for weeks.

On the Heights above the fisherman's cot lived a strange woman, in the hollow of an old tree. For years she had been the terror of all around her, but these two hopeful *youths* boarded the lioness in her den one day, and were fortunate enough to win her favor. A few days after their visit, the real boy or young man went down to the seaside for a bath. In taking off his shoes, he discovered to the fisherman his foot, from which the great toe had been severed. The poor man turned pale, then dashed off for the "Woman of Clodden Heights," with whom he soon returned, and there was a "scene." She claimed him for her "long lost son," and from her bosom took a little bundle of rags in which was wrapped the missing toe, in a remarkable state of preservation. This *was* a wonderful thing, as the woman had carried that little toe about, wrapped up in those little rags, for twenty years!

Well, of course, the story of her life followed. She had married early, and her husband became very cruel, and jealous of her. A separation took place, and her son was taken away from her ruthlessly. In the agony of losing him, she seized an old sword and severed the dear little toe from the poor baby's foot, that she might know him in future years if fate should ever bring him across her path. It was a terrible thing to do, but the cruel husband drove her to it. Who should this same cruel husband turn out to be than the "fierce knight" who had kidnapped the pretty girl's mother—the girl now dressed as a boy, and drifting about the world in such a venturesome way!

To be brief, the party had mutual explanations, and then started off in search of the fierce knight, the incarcerated mother and bereaved soldier husband. The valiant youth who had lost his toe, succeeded in punishing his cruel parent until he revealed the lady's place of concealment, and then the daughter's love overcame her prudence, and she betrayed herself. The poor mother was released, and after a happy reunion with her husband and child, saw her lovely daughter wedded to the son of her enemy. But, womanlike, all her own wrongs were forgiven, and she accomplished a reconciliation between the fierce knight and his long lost wife, who from that time was known no more as the "Strange Woman of Clodden Heights." Of course, it ended very happily, and all the worst people became far better in the end than the good ones had been in the beginning. So much for this wonderful novel.

Power of Imagination.

Alexandre Dumas published in a daily Paris paper a novel, in which the heroine, prosperous and happy is assailed by consumption. All the gradual symptoms are most touchingly described, and the greatest interest was felt for the heroine. One day the Marquis de Dalomieu called on him.

"Dumas," said he, "you mean to let your heroine die?"

"Of course. After such symptoms as I have described, how could she live?"

"You must change the catastrophe."

"I cannot."

"Yes, you must; for on your heroine's life depends my daughter's."

"Your daughter's?"

"Yes; she has all the various symptoms you have described, and watches mournfully for every new number of your novel, reading her own fate in your heroine's. Now if you make your heroine live, my daughter, whose imagination has been deeply impressed, will live too. Come, a life to save is a temptation—"

"Not to be resisted."

Dumas changed his last chapters. His heroine recovered and was happy. About five years afterwards Dumas met the Marquis at a party.

"Ah, Dumas!" he exclaimed, "let me introduce you to my daughter; she owes her life to you. There she is."

"That fine, handsome woman, who looks like Jeanne d'Arc?"

"Yes. She is married, and has had four children."

"And my novel four editions," said Dumas; "and so we are quits."

☞ A misanthrope hates all mankind, but is kind to everybody; generally too kind. A philanthrope loves the whole human race, but dislikes his wife, his mother, his brother, his friends and acquaintances. Misanthrope is like the potato—rough and repulsive outside, but good at the core. Philanthrope is like a peach—his manner all velvet and plume, and his words sweet juice, but his heart of stone. Let me read philanthrope's book, and fall into the hands of misanthrope.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

The River de la Plata—Its Characteristics—Winds—Currents—Commerce—A Tormenta.

NOTE.—[Cosmo would say, *en parenthesis*, to J. H. and other inquirers, that he bargained with the publishers of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, and fairly with the public in the start, to write out "South American Civilization"—not in a sober, serious, historical, or in a staid, consecutive, geographical way, but in hap-hazard hits and dashes at civilization and scenery in the Southern Hemisphere as he has seen it—taking facts, and dressing them in just so much of fancy, by way of embellishment, as it was deemed would best suit the taste of the majority of readers.]

Cosmo has to say that he is personally familiar with all the territory he has, or intends to traverse in these sketches, and has no occasion to invent a line of material, or a disposition to draw a preposterously "long bow."]

The Rio de-la-Plata is much like many pretentious people we meet with, in one respect—there is a great deal of display, but no great depth to it. Within a line drawn from Cape St. Martha on the north, and St. Antonio on the south, the mean depth of the La Plata is four fathoms as far up as the head of the English Bank, one half the entire length of the river, and from that point to where the stream loses its identity, the mean is no more than two fathoms, though all through its course there are channels, in some instances narrow and intricate, having a greater depth. If the Rio de-la-Plata were only stretched out and properly North Americanized, it would make a respectable Penobscot or Kennebec—nothing more. In fact, the river has no legitimate title to the name of river at all, being in fact but a great estuary of the rivers Parana and Paraguay, a dozen or so miles wide at their confluence, and widening rather regularly seaward, until on the line between the two capes that mark its geographical termination, it is spread out to the width of something more than two hundred miles.

The tides and currents of the La Plata are eccentric and unreliable, governed to a very great extent by the winds. Sometimes, when the water on the southern shore will be rushing up stream like a mill race, on the northern side it will be running down with equal velocity, while many miles in breadth in the centre of the river will have no current at all, or perhaps be rushing hither and thither in as many directions as there are points to the compass.

Upon two occasions I have seen people riding to and fro, on horseback, between the city of Buenos Ayres and the shipping lying in the Outer Roads, off the town quite four miles distant from the bank of the river, and where there is usually four and a half fathoms of water. Then, men and women were riding their horses right up to the sides of the ships, stepping from their stirrups to the accommodation ladders, and going aboard dry shod. These occasions were during, and just after a *pampero* of unusual length and violence.

On the other hand, once during my residence in the city of Buenos Ayres, there came on a violent southeast gale, lasting a whole week, during which thousands of square miles of the low, level country both below and above Buenos Ayres were inundated, and many thousands of sheep and horned cattle, and hundreds of *herdeiros* and their families perished in the flood. No damage was sustained in the city, it being located on an elevation more than a hundred feet above any high water level of the river, but great numbers of vessels, foreign and native, both in the Inner and Outer Roads, were driven from their moorings, some sunk, others dashed to pieces, and several were drifted so far in land that when the flood subsided there was as little possibility of ever getting them afloat again, as there was of old Commodore Noah's getting his big boat down off from Ararat.

Among the vessels which took to the country upon this occasion, was a fine Danish bark, which dragged her anchors from her moorings in the Inner Roads, right in through the giant old trees of the Willow Forest, some two miles northwest from the city, and set herself quietly down on her keel within two hundred yards of the Government Country Palace, where she still remains—or did when I was last in Buenos Ayres. Don Manuel Rosas, while Governor General, Dictator and Imperial Tyrant of *la Confederacio Argentina*, utilized this derelict Danish bark in a curious manner, as we shall see sometime, when our itinerant wanderings shall bring us to the Buenos Ayrean "Willow Palace."

From Point Indio to the sea—or rather round to Cape San Antonio, all the southern side of the Rio de-la-Plata, to a long distance off from the shore, is a continuous shallow sand flat, and as the whole range of coast is low and destitute of any large trees, it not unfrequently happens that vessels of considerable draught of water, strangers to the navigation, get hard and fast aground, out of sight of land.

From the sea-coast to within fifteen leagues of the city of Buenos Ayres, and stretching from the great river away to the southward and westward towards the country of the Patagonians lies that *pampas* sea, a vast expanse of territory called—*El Paye del Diavo*. And most appropriately is it called "The Devil's Country"—this wild haunt of wild beasts and wilder *Guachos*. But we shall pay this Devil's Country and its inhabitants a visit by-and-by, when we shall have paid our respects to Buenos Ayres and a few of its notabilities.

The commerce of the Rio de-la-Plata is as cosmopolite in its character as the river is singular in all its features and belongings. One may see in the roadsteads of Buenos Ayres and Montevideo flags that he will rarely find flying in any other port on this continent. Frequently one may see the white flag of the Papal states, with its crossed keys and mitred emblems, Austria's golden banner, with its triple crowned, double headed eagle, the red flags of Turkey and Tunis, and the green of Tripoli and Morocco, with their crescent moons in white, the gorgeous standard of Spain, the tricolors of France, Italy, Mexico, and Belgium, all mingling with the more numerous banners of the United States, England, Denmark, Russia, Hamburg and Holland, all drawn to the harbors of the Rio de-la-Plata by the everlasting supply of *hides* as the carrion feast brings the hungry vultures from every direction.

I have no idea who it was that bestowed upon the great southern river its very pretty-sounding name—Rio de-la-Plata—*River of Silver*, but he must have been a fellow of unbounded poetical lawlessness, and fetched his ideas from some far country—River of Mud would have been a far more appropriate title, the river for the greater part of its life time being quite as muddy and dingy in color as our own "Father of Waters."

The tributaries to both of the great rivers, that in their union constitute the La Plata, have their origin in the very heart of the Brazilian empire, in about the latitude of 12 deg. South, and it is one of the most singular geographical phenomena to be found anywhere, that two of these streams running South, lap by some four hundred miles, like the interlaced fingers of two hands joined, two of the principal tributaries of the Amazon, having currents of considerable velocity flowing to the northward. A branch of the Parana, the larger of the two rivers that constitutes the La Plata, has its source near Potosi, in Bolivia, and within two hundred miles of the Pacific coast.

An incident fairly illustrating the terrific fury and power of a La Platan tornado, and quite as truthfully indicative of the indomitable prejudice of the Buenos Ayreans, came under my immediate observation once in the Inner Roads of Buenos Ayres, and as it will perhaps afford the reader as much information and amusement as anything I could possibly fill in the remainder of the present sketch with, I will give it as it occurred so near as I can remember, adding no touch of fancy to the picture.

I had been visiting during the day, and was going to spend the night with the captain of an American bark lying in the Inner Roads, well up towards the *Boca*, taking in a cargo of hides. The bark was as magnificent a craft as ever loosed a topsail to the breeze, painted *blue*. An ultra marine blue. *Blue* all over, as the clear, unclouded vault of heaven. And so settled was the prejudice, so obstinate the hatred of the color among all classes of Buenos Ayreans, that no custom-house official could be induced to put his foot on board the craft during all the time she was discharging her cargo, and though they were very hungry for bread in the city, hardly would they purchase the flour that was brought to them in the *blue bark*.

Red was the national color of the *Confederacion Argentina*, and *blue* was their utter detestation. It was the color of their enemies—*el ser de diavo*—they called it, and they shunned it as Satan does the sanctuary.

It was early in December, just the beginning of the Buenos Ayrean summer, and the whole wide world of Pampas was all abloom with odorous and magnificent flowers, and a more lovely day I had never seen anywhere.

The steward's bell announcing tea had just rung, and we were about to descend to the cabin, when suddenly, without a word to any one, the captain, who was an old La Plata cruiser, darted away forward, and with all his might began rattling the starboard chain around the windlass, paying out and giving her scope as fast as ever he could. The two mates took their cue in a second, so did the crew, seated on deck at their supper, and directly the chain cables on both sides were jingling out the hawse pipes, until both were paid out to the last spare link and bited and securely clinched.

The breeze, which had been very light all day at north-west, had entirely died away—and though it was stark calm, there was a powerful perfume of flowers pervading the atmosphere and seeming to drift down from off the Pampas to the south-east.

Presently there was a low, indistinct humming sound in the air, gradually growing louder—near—first a deep monotonous roar, then a rushing mighty blast, sweeping over the water from the south-east, followed almost instantly by that terrific sickening—*Boo-o-o*—the awful trumpet blast of the overwhelming La Platan *Tormenta*.

Never before had I seen so wide destruction so suddenly wrought. In five minutes the whole surface of the water for two miles in extent, was strewn with driving wrecks; and terribly rang out the despairing cries of drowning wretches. Bravely the blue bark held on to her anchors; and while we made hurried preparations to aid any unfortunate sufferers who might chance to come within our reach, we saw a *balandra*, one of the queer river craft of the country, drifting down towards us.

The vessel was dismasted, her decks torn up, a great hole stove in her side, and she was fast filling with water. We could see on board of her, several women, as well as men—and distinctly hear their frantic cries for help.

We had a boat down, and manned, and as the balandra drove down abreast of our bows, away dashed our brave fellow in their *blue* boat from our blue bark, running out a strong hawser, which once secured to the sinking craft, we could easily haul her along side and save the lives of those on board of her.

No, not for their lives, would the stubborn fools permit our blue boat to approach their fast sinking vessel. Even the females, frantic as they were with fear, called our brave blue jackets *salvacos*, and assisted all they could to beat them off.

The balandra drifted past, and there was but one other chance between them and inevitable destruction.

A cable's length or so astern of us there lay a black, Yankee bark, but just that day arrived, her captain on shore, and her chief mate, Joseph Dennington, an ungainly, bow-legged, round-shouldered, red-headed, pug-nosed Cape Codder, but a most capital, wide-awake sailor withal, was in command of the bark.

Dennington run a hawser, as we had done, to the balandra, was hailed as a saviour, swung the wrecked craft along side, and rescued every soul in her five minutes before she went down. Among those saved, was Don Juan Fidello Carasco, one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of the Province of Entre Rios, with his wife, and a most lovely daughter, Donna Fidella, who forthwith in the excess of her girlish gratitude, fell five fathoms deep in love with Joe Dennington's red-head, as did Don Juan and Dona Florina, the mother—and within two weeks, the Yankee mate was the son-in-law of the richest man in Entre Rios; and Captain Copeland was obliged to hunt up another officer.

That is what a La Platon *Tormenta* and Buenos Ayrean prejudice did.

☞ TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY.—A Persian poet gives us the following instruction upon this important subject:—"When thou art married, seek to please thy wife; but listen not to all she says. From man's right side a rib was taken to form the woman, and never was there seen a rib quite straight. And wouldst thou straighten it? It breaks, but bends not. Since, then, 'tis plain that crooked is woman's temper, forgive her faults, and blame her not; nor let her anger thee, nor coercion use, as all is in vain to straighten what is curved."

Eating a Pie Plate.

Obtaining liberty one day, I went right straight through the town, and on into the country till I got tired, and then tacked ship and stood along under easy sail homeward bound, until coming to a decent-looking farm-house close to the channel, I tacked ship again and stood into port to lay in provisions and water.

Found the front door open and splint-bottom chair sitting against it inside; fine-looking motherly old lady spinning flax on a little wheel, and two handsome, strapping young ladies spinning wool on big wheels.

Came to an anchor in splint chair, and asked old lady for drink of water and piece of bread.

Old lady said—

"Lucy, get the boy a bowl of milk and a pie;" and while Lucy was obeying orders, old lady asked:

"Be yeou a sailor?"

"A small one, ma'am."

"Neow dew tell! my Billy's a sailor. Don't yeou know Billy?"

"Guess not. Plenty of sailors I don't know."

Just here arrived Lucy with a big bowl of milk, big pewter plate with a pumpkin pie on it. Scored the pie directly, and watching a fair chance, shied the plate out into the many weeds across the road.

Sucked down the milk, and inquired of old lady, "what to pay?"

"Oh, nothing; we don't never charge sailors for sich like. Lucy, yeou take the things." I handed her the bowl and looked innocent. Lucy held out her hand and said:

"Plate if you please."

"What did you say, Miss Lucy?"

"Why, the plate I gave you with the pie."

"Oh, my gracious! Miss Lucy! Oh, dear I did not mean to—I've eaten that plate. I beg pardon. I didn't know there was anything under that pie. Oh, oh! I am afraid I'll die some time or other. Here's a dollar. I must hurry to Providence and find a doctor."

The last I saw of these three spinners they were peeping around the corner of the house after me, probably wondering if I was not a young ostrich.

A Temperance Story.

Deacon Johnson is a great temperance man, and sets a good example of total abstinence as far as he is seen. Not long ago he employed a carpenter to make some alterations in his parlor, and in repairing the corner near the fire-place, it was found necessary to remove the wainscoting, when lo! a discovery was made that astonished everybody. A brace of decanters, a tumbler, and a pitcher were cozily reposing there, as if they had stood there from the beginning. The deacon was summoned, and as he beheld the blushing bottles, he exclaimed—

"Wal, I declare, that's curious, sure enough. It must be that old Baines left them there when he went out of this 'ere house thirty years ago."

"Perhaps he did," returned the carpenter; "but, Deacon, the ice in the pitcher must have been frizé mighty hard to stay so till this time."

DO THE BEES GATHER HONEY FROM FLOWERS?—We doubt it—we have always doubted it. We are sitting now as we write under the branches of a chestnut tree, among the leaves of which the bees are buzzing merrily. They are not after the flowers, for the flowering season has long since passed. It is mid August; the burrs are an inch and a half in diameter. What are the bees after? Not the chestnut burrs, surely. We have just examined and solved the question. The leaves are covered with "honey-dew," and we have observed in every good season for honey, that this substance was abundant. And so we have observed in seasons when there was no "honey-dew," that everybody said, "what a poor season for honey!" Now we close with a repetition of the question, "Do the bees gather their great store of honey from flowers?"—*New York Tribune.*

A NEW SUGAR CANE.—One of the United States officials in Japan has forwarded to his government a specimen of sugar cane, grown in that country, resembling the sorghum which comes from China. It is grown from layers instead of seed. It is thought that the peculiarity of its propagation, should it prove otherwise successful, would give it an important advantage over sorghum, preventing hybridizing with millets, and consequent deterioration. A large portion of it was destroyed in the long voyage, but enough is sound and already sprouting to enable the department, a year or two hence, to make a distribution of it.

☞ The "prettiest girl" question, which, during the past week, has been creating considerable excitement among the young folks of Paterson, N. J., ended in a riot. It seems that a bewitching New York lass, who was stopping in that place during the levee, commanded a larger share of admiration than any of the Paterson young ladies; so, during the balloting operation, the excitement became so intense that one of the anxious voters assaulted the judge of election by striking him over the head. This was the signal for a general *melee*. No one was seriously hurt during the demonstration, but matters got considerably mixed, and it was impossible to tell who took the prize of beauty, the New Yorker or the Patersonian.

☞ Two men, both cowards, met in a narrow way, neither disposed to turn out of the road. "Give me the road," said one, in braggart voice, "or, if you don't, I'll do for you what I did for the man who refused it to me yesterday." The other scrambled aside in terror, and when he of the braggart voice had gone by, asked him, timidly, "What did you do, sir, to the man who refused you the road yesterday, and would not get out of your way?" "Why, said the other, "I let him keep the road, and got out of *his* way."

☞ One day last week two men, a laborer and a mechanic, at Irvington, on the Hudson River Railroad, having been drinking freely, made a wager that one would remain longer on the track than the other when the train was approaching. When they heard the cars they linked arms and walked towards the coming locomotive. Death was before them, but neither attempted to unloose his hold nor stepped aside. Again and again the engineer whistled and ordered the brakes put down; but it was too late—the locomotive struck the men and killed them instantly.

☞ There is nobody so base, but as the spring comes round, is pleased to see the green leaves and the flowers.

☞ Blessed is the bald-headed man, for his wife cannot pull his hair.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

[We know not from whose pen the following came, but think it one of the most touching and beautiful ever written.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

Into a ward of white-washed halls,
Where the dead and the dying lay
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls,
Somebody's Darling was borne one day.
Somebody's Darling, so young and brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face—
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The *lingering light* of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of the fair white brow,
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's Darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful, blue veined brow,
Brush all the wandering waves of gold,
Cross his hands on his bosom now—
Somebody's Darling is still and cold!

Kiss him once for Somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer both soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take—
They were Somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there—
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best; he has Somebody's love,
Somebody's heart enshrined him there,
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn on the wing of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay—
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart,
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, childish lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead—
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear—
Carve in the wooden board at his head
"*Somebody's Darling slumbers here.*"

ONE WOMAN'S HERO.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARY J. ALLEN.

PART I.

They stood together at the garden gate, in the gloaming; a tall, dark eyed, resolute looking man of twenty-five or six, and beside him a small woman, clad in a dress of some soft, neutral tint, with a knot of crimson flowers on her bosom, and a trailing spray of the same velvety blooms in her hair. A small woman, as I said, not pretty, at least there were few who would have called her so, though her eyes were the clearest and deepest blue, and her brown hair was soft and abundant. The man passed his hand over it with a caressing touch, and looking in his eyes, you would know that the pale little face, perfectly colorless save for the fine scarlet curve of the lips, was the fairest and dearest in all the world to him.

She nestled to his side when he put his arm about her, but neither of them spoke, though I think the same thought was in the mind of both; the thought that it might be they should never again stand together thus and there—for at midnight the C—— County Rangers were to take the boat for Springfield, there to be mustered into the service, and armed and equipped, preparatory to entering the field.

This Wallace Rutherford was first lieutenant of the company; a man whom nearly everybody liked. "So true and honorable," people said, "so steady and firm of purpose; always succeeded in what he undertook." True and honorable he certainly was. Firm and steady of purpose, too, with a quiet persistency of character that seemed to overcome or set aside all obstacles that chanced to arise in any course he saw fit to mark out for himself. Not at all a brilliant man; not a superfine *elegante*, though civil and courteous enough in his manners—more of a favorite with men than with women. A hard worker, a clear thinker, a man who made the most of his opportunities, such as they were; best of all, a tender son to the widowed mother whose counsellor, and supporter, too, he had been since early boyhood.

There were many in that quiet country neighborhood who remembered how a pale-faced, delicate woman, clad in the deepest mourning, had come among them years before, bringing with her a little, dark eyed boy. And the story had gone round that Mrs. Rutherford's husband had been a sea captain—master and part owner of the stanuch ship *Caledonia*. But, one night of darkness and tempest, the good ship and her lion-hearted commander went down together in sight of the headlands of home.

Everything that the sailor owned was invested in his vessel, and when all claims were adjusted, his tenderly reared wife and petted boy were destitute. Pursuing the advice of some well-meaning friend, Mrs. Rutherford had come to this far inland place, in the vague hope of bettering her condition, and here she had remained ever since.

Here, too, Wallace had grown up. When a very little boy he had been accustomed to have pretty much his own way. There were people who wondered that gentle Mrs. Rutherford should "'give in' so to a mere child like that." They did not understand that it was only the natural ascendancy which a strong will always gains over a weaker one. Wallace had a certain power of self-reliance, a faculty of "getting on" in the world which his mother never had possessed and never could acquire, and so, day by day as he grew older, the burden of care and management and labor which had rested so heavily on the woman's delicate shoulders was assumed by the son.

Before he was twenty years old he had bought and paid for the house in which Mrs. Rutherford lived, and the three or four acres of ground surrounding it; and with his own hands had planted the shrubbery, the grape vines and rose and dwarf pines and cedars which gave the place such an inviting aspect.

"I never was so much astonished in my life," said Mr. Jones one day, in confidence, to his neighbor Smith, "I never was as much astonished in my life as I was when that slip of a boy came to me and proposed to buy that place. I told him plainly that I knew he could never pay for it, and he said, just as cool as a judge, 'very well, sir, if you don't wish to let me have the place, I've nothing more to say. I think I can find another that will suit me as well. Good morning, sir;' and with that he was walking off, when I called him back and told him that I guessed mebbe we could come to terms. And he kept up the payments reg'lar, never asked me for a day's time on any of 'em. I don't know, for my part, how he managed to do it, jest by his own work, besides supporting his mother, but he done it, somehow."

And that was the way with everything Wallace Rutherford attempted; no matter how difficult or unpromising it looked, he "did it somehow;" and people who knew him came gradually to believe that whatever he saw fit to undertake was morally certain to be carried to a successful issue.

So when Mr. Benson came into the neighborhood—from Ohio, I think it was—with his wife and his two sons and his daughter Clare, and Wallace fell into a habit of visiting frequently at the house, and walking and riding with the young lady, everybody felt pretty sure how it would end. Everybody, that is, but the suitor himself. He was not a vain man, and, as I said, had always been more of a favorite with men than with women. No one, not even his mother, guessed what a hold this girl had on his heart; how her voice and smile, even the soft sweep of her dress if it chanced to touch him, or the most careless touch of her dainty fingers, thrilled him. It was only the old, old story over again. The story that men and women have been learning from the day of Eden's glory until now. You can guess what the end was in this case. Was it likely that the man who always succeeded in what he undertook would fail now?

Some one has said that "the world worships success." Of many true things, I think this is eminently true; and not less true in the circumscribed limits of a quiet country place like the one I speak of, than in the broader arena of the world's great battle field. A man who always succeeds in what he sets out to do, in the smaller as well as the larger concerns of life, is very sure to win the confidence of his fellows; and I think it was this particular trait in his character that the boys of Company C had in their minds when they elected him to the position of their first lieutenant.

You would despise my hero, perhaps, if I should tell you that the commission offered him had quite as much to do with his going to the war as that finer feeling of patriotism that lurks in the heart of every true-born American, but alas! it was true. I know he would appear to much better advantage in your eyes if I could say that no selfish thoughts of advantage to himself mingled with his devotion to the Government he was going to support and the flag he was going to defend, but I must show you this man as I find him, not as I would like him to be.

"Mercenary," you sneer. "Cared for nothing but the pay."

You are wrong there. Lieutenant Rutherford was not mercenary—only ambitious. I think there were few, even among those who knew him best, who guessed what a powerful force in his nature ambition was; that it was the one besetting sin against which he would have to fight, from his cradle to his grave. A craving for place and power, an ambition restrained and held in check now by a nice sense of justice and honor. But what if, in the years to come, some great and sudden temptation should be brought to bear upon him, would justice and honor maintain the ascendancy then, or would he do as many another has done, sell his birthright of truth for the poor reward of power and station?

Twilight deepened into darkness, and still the young soldier lingered; still his arm kept its place about the girl's waist. A whip-poor-will near by struck up its mournful cry, and the stars came out one by one.

Wallace Rutherford bent to look in his companion's face.

"It is time for me to go now. My little girl must think of me often when I am gone," kissing her.

He could feel her tremble even in the close clasp in which he held her—but no tears came. It would hurt him to see her cry she knew.

"Will you kiss me, Clare?"

One small hand went up to his neck like a fluttering bird, at this request, and the sweet mouth was raised timidly to his.

"Good-bye. God bless and keep my darling forever and ever."

He held her close for an instant, then released her, and turned abruptly away.

She leaned her head against the square oaken post of the gate, watching him until the last faint outline of his figure was lost to view among the deepening shadows. Then she came slowly back to the house and sat down upon the low, broad door-stone. He was gone, and she was free to weep now if she listed. The house dog came to her and laid his nose on her knee, waiting for the caress he was always sure of receiving. She patted his head, and spoke his name in an absent sort of way, "Brave, good Brave," but all the while her thoughts were far away with the man who was walking with steady, rapid step along the road that led to the river.

His men were all collected there on the bank when he arrived. They had built a rousing fire—not that its warmth was needed, for the air was sultry and oppressive enough without—but somehow the ruddy flame looked heartsome and cheerful, and kept their spirits up. There were many there besides those who were to go—men and boys mostly, friends who had come down to see them off. Here and there, standing timidly back with her bonnet drawn over her face, was a woman—a wife who had ventured down for a parting word to her husband. There was a good deal of noise, some laughing, and joking, and singing—most of it, like the fire, got up for the occasion; but as the minutes went by and the steamboat became momentarily expected, they quieted down a little.

Wallace glanced over the scene as he approached. In its strong lights and shadows and picturesque grouping—it was a scene for a painter—but he was not thinking of that as his eyes wandered from one to another of the figures thrown into bold relief by the fire-light, resting at last on that of a boy of thirteen, whose face, lit up by the glare, bore a striking likeness to Clare Benson's—seeing it, you would have guessed at once that he was her brother.

Lieutenant Rutherford laid his hand on the boy's shoulder—

"You here, George? I missed you at the house."

"Yes. I knew father and mother wouldn't let me come, if they knew, so I slipped off before dark and came down with Luke Roberts," looking up with laughing defiance.

Under other circumstances the young man would have had a word of quiet reproof for such an act of disobedience to parental authority, but to-night he was so glad to have the boy there, that he hadn't the heart to say a word.

They stood a moment looking thoughtfully about them, and George said,

"This reminds me of the night Jack went away."

Jack was Clare's elder brother, who had entered the three months' service—and at the expiration of his time wrote home—he did not come himself—that he had enlisted again for three years or the war. Most of the boys who went with him returned; and Wallace remembered how distressed Clare was when she found that her brother was not among them. Dear Clare! His heart gave a great bound at thought of her.

There was a puffing, rushing sound in the direction of the bend, and all eyes were turned expectantly down the river. The sound came nearer; two lights became suddenly visible, looking in the gloom like the flaming eyes of some gigantic monster. Instantly all was confusion, gathering up of carpet-sacks, hurried shaking of hands, and all the bustle of departure. Wallace Rutherford went around speaking a word of farewell to one and another of the acquaintances he was leaving behind. He turned to George Benson last, holding the boy's hand in a long, close pressure as he said, and his voice was the least bit husky,

"Kiss Clare for me, George. If God spares me to get home again, I'm to be her husband, and your brother. Good-bye, my boy, and take care of yourself."

The steamboat rounded-to at the landing. There was a rush and scramble, as there always is at such times, the stage plank was drawn in; the steamer went puffing on her way; and the boys of Company C were off.

There were many among them who never came back again. Some over whose graves the grass grows green in the "dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky; some who "sleep well" beneath the pines of Tennessee; in many a spot they lie who went out that night.

"By Southern lake and stream they sleep,
On Southern plain and Southern steep,
And in the gloom of valleys deep.

"Above their heads no roses blow,
Upon their graves no tear-drops flow,
But stars keep watch and ward we know."

Clare had not retired when George came home. He sat down in the doorway beside her.

"I saw them off, Clare. Wallace Rutherford told me to kiss you for him. He told me something else, too. Can you guess what it was?" looking at her archly. Without waiting for a reply, he leaned over and whispered the precious secret in her ear. "I'm so glad, Clare. It'll be glorious to have him for a brother-in-law," in real boyish delight.

Something of the boy's overflowing hopefulness and cheerfulness communicated itself to Clare. Sitting there alone, the most gloomy fears had haunted her; fears, not for herself, but for her brother, far away, and for another who was going to face the same danger—that other who, though a stranger to her blood, was nearer and dearer than the closest of kindred. Listening to George's lively talk, she felt as if half the load were lifted from her mind. She was glad that Wallace had told him. It was good to have some one that she could speak to, sometimes, about what lay nearest her heart—and George was a safe confidant. So they sat there a long time, the boy of thirteen and the girl of twenty, talking of the future that lay before them both—the future which would be so bright when Jack and Wallace came home from the army, and—Clare always stopped there—the boy understood what lay beyond, comprehended her unspoken thought as well as if it had been expressed in the clearest words.

Theirs was a curious family, Clare sometimes thought, comparing them in her own mind with others she had known. A curious family, that is, in their ways towards each other; not given to loving words or caresses, not in the least demonstrative of their affection for each other. A stranger might have wondered whether there could be much love where there was so little expression of it. But Clare knew that brothers and sisters never loved each other better than she and Jack and George did. What was it that made the difference between them and others?

She and Jack were the eldest. Looking back she could not recall a time in their whole lives when she had kissed him, or he her, or a time when either had been kissed by father or mother. George was somewhat different, but among the rest of the family there was a curious undemonstrativeness. Even Mrs. Benson, true woman and self-sacrificing mother as she certainly was, never caressed her children after they had emerged from actual babyhood. I believe she looked upon such things as evidences of weakness; at any rate Clare never felt free to go to her mother for sympathy in her hopes and fears, never dreamed of telling her of her betrothal.

Doubtless the fault was partly owing to Mrs. Benson's early New England training, but more to her unhappy marriage. When a husband and wife are so essentially dissimilar as these two were; when there is not only a lack of all sympathy between them, but a positive though silent antagonism in their natures, which years of constant association had only deepened and strengthened, not removed, it would be hardly possible that the evil effects could be confined to themselves alone. Their children *must* share in the unhappy influence.

Clare's heart sank whenever she thought of her father; of the fine constitution hopelessly impaired, the mental energies wasted, the moral nature perverted by slavish addicted to one debasing vice. Thank Heaven! though neither of the boys were like him. Neither would ever fellow after their father in the drunkard's downward course, in that path whose steps surely "take hold on Hell."

I think Mrs. Benson's heart centred most on Jack. He was her eldest child, her pride and comfort. A fine, manly fellow, worthy to be any mother's idol, Clare thought. But it was George *she* turned to for sympathy, George to whom she looked for co-operation in all her plans.

So they sat there, away into the small hours, laying plans for the future. And in the morning Clare arose and went with alacrity about her work, helping her mother get breakfast, sweeping and dusting and arranging the two small rooms that constituted their home. Very poor and plain those two rooms looked by daylight; very poor and plain with their bare, whitewashed walls and uneven floors; but little gleams of color here and there, trifling ornaments scattered about, a tumbler of freshly gathered flowers on the mantel, a piece of needle work on the stand betrayed somebody's skillful hand and fine taste.

This was Saturday, the busiest day of the week with Clare, who taught school in another place seven miles away, but usually came home Friday night to help her mother with the work that always came heaviest on Saturday. Wallace Rutherford would want his wife to be a good housekeeper, and she must strive hard to improve herself in every way against his return. George, too; she would take more pains to help him in his lessons, and by her own example urge him on to greater diligence in his studies. By resolute effort very much might be accomplished in three years, and Wallace should see what good use she would make of the time. So she labored diligently five days of every week with her forty pupils, taught George at home, and ironed and baked and sewed, and answered Wallace's letters—very regular and frequent they came, and every one was read and reread till she knew it by heart, and afterward put carefully away. So days and weeks and months went by.

"The boys," as their friends called them, of Company C, found the monotony and restraint of camp life very irksome for a while—but gradually it became more endurable, and as time went on they fell easily and naturally into the routine of military duty, and under the care of an efficient drillmaster became, from a band of raw recruits, a company of well-trained soldiers, intelligent, alert, ready for active service. Then the order came for a southward movement. There was a long and exhausting march through Kentucky in the rain and snow of early winter, when many of the men, utterly unused to such exposures fell sick and were left in hospitals along the way; months consumed in marching from place to place, with apparently no other object in view than to "harden" the troops; then came another move toward the front, the opening of the spring campaign, a battle or two, and the —th Illinois took its place among the fighting regiments of the West.

Among all those who from their far northern homes watched the movements of the regiment, none watched with more intense, absorbing interest than Clare Benson. The successes and reverses of those men seemed more real and vital to her than anything that went on immediately around her or the events transpiring under her own eyes.

In the letters that came home from the soldiers in the field were many details of their new and strange life; some murmurs, many laughable incidents and odd scrapes and adventures, criticisms on the officers, some of them favorable, some unfavorable. There were a few grumblers in the company who complained of Lieutenant Rutherford. "He was too hard on his men," they said. A strict disciplinarian he certainly was; but no one, not even those most disposed to find fault could say that he exacted anything from his men that he did not as rigorously require from himself.

There was some gossip afloat in camp, too, which found its way, as such things will, to friends and neighbors at home; some idle gossip about Lieutenant Rutherford's attentions to a pretty young widow who owned a magnificent plantation and innumerable negroes in close proximity to their camp. She was a northern woman by birth, it was said, and a sister of the colonel, who established his regimental headquarters at her house. Her husband had been a rebel, but that was no reason why she should be one, and she was lavish in her favors to the men of her brother's command, furnishing them, through her servants, a hundred things that they could not obtain elsewhere. "A beautiful woman and rich enough to tempt a less worldly man than Wallace Rutherford," Luke Roberts said.

But these things did not trouble Clare. Wallace was civil, she supposed, as any man would be to a pretty woman with whom he was brought in daily contact, but that was all. And she smiled at the idea, broadly intimated by some, that he was going to marry this paragon. Why he loved *her*. He was pledged to her, and he was not the man to be drawn from his allegiance by the honeyed smiles and pretty enticements of all the belles in Christendom. So she slept in peace, and no dreams of danger haunted her pillow.

July came with its glowing skies and sultry heats, and one afternoon Clare put on her bonnet for a walk to the post-office. It was two weeks now since she had received a letter from Wallace. The regiment must be on the march, she thought, or possibly there had been another battle. She walked slowly; it was two miles to the office, and the heat was intense.

"Nothing for you, Miss Benson," said the good-natured postmaster as he looked over the packet of letters just arrived. "Here is one for Mrs. Rutherford, though."

"I will take it to her," said Clare, holding out her hand for the missive, whose superscription she had recognized even at that distance.

Mrs. Rutherford looked up smiling as Clare came up the garden path.

"Come right in, dear, and sit down; you look hot and tired," drawing an easy-chair to the open window. Clare took the offered seat, waiting till Mrs. Rutherford should have read her letter. It did not take long—there were but a few lines, evidently.

"Oh! Wallace, Wallace!"

Clare looked round frightened.

"What is it? Is he sick? Is he dead?" hardly able to speak, in the great fear that fell upon her at sight of Mrs. Rutherford's troubled face.

"No. Not that, my child. I can't—I can't tell you. Read for yourself."

Clare did read, her face growing white as the paper that rustled in her trembling fingers. Then she folded up the letter, and handed it back to Mrs. Rutherford.

"This is the 17th. They will be here this evening," she said, in a quiet, lifeless sort of way.

She got up to go; and the two women looked steadily at each other. I think the truth was slowly forcing itself to the minds of both, that the idol they had worshipped was but clay after all.

There came a cloud of dust and a rattle of carriage wheels along the road. It stopped, and Mrs. Rutherford started forward, the mother-love glowing in her faded cheeks and brightening in her eyes. Clare passed out by a side-door into a shaded path leading to the rear of the house; on through the little back gate, pausing in the shadow of the honeysuckle that clambered over it, for one backward glance.

Yes, it was Wallace. A little thinner and darker than when he went away, a little more grave in his movements; but voice and smile were unchanged, and he walked with the old kingly tread. By his side stood a lady in stylish travelling-dress, her plumed hat shading an arch, sparkling face. But Clare hardly glanced at her. She thought only of Wallace, and looking at him thoughts of the old time came over her like a flood, and she laid her head down on the top bar of the little wicket gate, shivering from head to foot.

What need was there to linger? There was no welcoming kiss—no words of tender greeting for *her*. These were all for the young wife he was leading up to the door over whose threshold *she* had once hoped to pass as a bride. But what did it matter?" Drawing her gauzy shawl closer about her as she turned away.

The sun was just setting. Its last rays gilded the tops of the trees, but low down where interlacing boughs made thick shade even at noonday it was already dusk. The darkness grew denser, but she knew the way well and went steadily on; not hurrying—she felt as if it were hardly worth while to be in haste about anything now, and night and darkness had no terrors for one whose soul was groping in utter darkness on the borders of that land whose name is despair.

She came out in the open road at last. It was lighter here, and people passed her occasionally; acquaintances, most of them, who paused in careless, kindly country fashion for a word of friendly salutation. The little church was lit up for special evening service as she passed. A celebrated minister was announced to preach that night, she remembered, and her mother had spoken of going to hear him. But she would not go in. Home was but a little farther on, and she wanted to get there and rest.

The house was dark and silent when she reached it—they were all at church most likely. She took off her bonnet and sat down on the door-stone. Brave came to her and laid his head against her arm, a dumb, questioning look in his great, solemn eyes. Did he know? Could he understand how all on earth, and in Heaven, too, had changed to her within the last few hours?

She dropped her face in her hands and sat motionless. None but He to whom all hearts are revealed knew what was in the girl's soul then. How, in the storm of grief that beat upon her, the anchor of Faith seemed giving way, and the waves of doubt and unbelief washed up to her feet. If *He* was false, what was there in earth or Heaven that she could trust? Suddenly a sound broke the stillness.

"If distress befall you, painful though it be,
Let not grief appall you, to your Saviour flee.
He ever near, your prayers will hear, and calm
your perturbation,
The waves of woe shall ne'er o'erflow the rock of
your salvation."

The words floated out clear and distinct on the still air from the little church near by. Grand words—grand in their solemn meaning, and in the full, melodious sweep of the tune to which they were set. She listened, awed and thrilled, as if at a voice from the "unseen land." And still it went on:

"When earth's prospects fail you, let it not
distress.
Better comforts wait you, Christ will surely
bless.
To Jesus flee, your prop He'll be, your Heavenly
consolation,
For griefs below, cannot overthrow the rock of
your salvation."

The moonlight fell on her bowed head, on her hair, damp and heavy with dew—on her face, wet now with a soft rain of tears. The waves of doubt receded, the sure anchors of Faith and Hope took fast hold once more. That great grief still lay heavy at her heart, but it would not make shipwreck of her soul.

A sound of voices and footsteps coming along the road announced that the meeting was over. She got up and stood waiting for those who would soon be here.

George came hurrying to tell the good news.

"Oh! Clare, Wallace Rutherford has got back."

"I know it, dear."

"Have you seen him? Has he been here?" The boy's tongue fairly tripped in his eagerness.

"No, he has not been here. I was at Mrs. Rutherford's when he came home."

"Will Norris says he came up from the river in a carriage; and there was a lady with him. Who is she, Clare?"

"His wife."

"His wife! Wallace Rutherford isn't married!"

"Yes, he is married."

"Oh! Clare!"

A little hand, cold as ice, was laid over the boy's mouth, and he knew he must be silent. Something in her daughter's voice struck a keen pain to Mrs. Benson's heart; but Clare's face was in the shadow, and she could not see its expression.

After the rest had retired, George came back from his snuggery over the barn to Clare's room, with some vague hope of comforting her. In his boyish grief and indignation he could not quite understand the listless quiet of his sister's manner. He had not yet learned the lesson that comes to us all sooner or later in life, to suffer and be silent.

"Oh! Clare! anybody'd think you didn't care a bit—but I know you do."

The pale, tired face lying back among the pillows, was lifted wearily.

"Not care? Little brother, you don't know—"

"Yes I do know, Clare; and if I was a man, I'd *kill* Wallace Rutherford," burst out the boy, impetuously. "I just wish Jack was here."

"I'm very glad that he isn't; and you must not indulge such feelings." Her even tones calmed the boy's excitement a little. "If Lieutenant Rutherford"—it was not *Wallace* any more—"if Lieutenant Rutherford loves this lady—"

"But, Clare, I thought he loved you!"

"That was a year ago, child," a little bitterly. "He has had ample time to change his mind. Besides, this marriage is an excellent thing for him. Mrs. Winchester is wealthy, they say—"

"Do you think he married her for that?" asked George.

"No, not for that;" she would be just to him, spite of all. "I think it was the position he wanted. This young Mrs. Rutherford is the colonel's sister, you know."

"Yes. And so because she was rich and pretty, and the colonel's sister, he gave you up and married her. Clare, if he was mean enough to do that, he was never good enough for you."

"Hush, dear. Even if the words were true, it hurt her to hear them spoken of *him*. We

won't talk about it any more. It is time you were in bed."

Some sudden impulse made her draw the boy's head down to her and kiss him. "Jack is gone, and you are all that I have left, George."

"I'll love you enough for all. I do love you ever so much, sister." Sincere, loving words, but they could not appease the hunger of the weak human heart that still cried out with a voiceless cry through the silent watches of the night for *one* face and *one* voice.

"We met an old acquaintance at church last night," remarked Mrs. Benson, as she poured the coffee next morning at breakfast. Mr. Conway, from Ohio. Do you recollect him, Clare?"

"Little Jennie Conway's father. Yes, I remember him very well."

"Little Jennie is a married woman now, with a home of her own, Mr. Conway says. He remembers you, and inquired very politely after your welfare last night."

"Did he," returned Clare, indifferently.

"You ought to see what a fine carriage he has; and such splendid gray horses," said George, with enthusiasm. Fine horses were his special delight.

"Yes," said Mr. Benson, lifting his coffee cup with a hand that trembled from want of his accustomed stimulant, "yes, Simon Conway can afford the luxury of a carriage. Worth half a million, if he is a cent."

"What brings him to the West?" inquired George, who seemed anxious to know all about this rich gentleman who came from Ohio, where George was born.

"I don't know, rightly. Something about some land, I believe. Green's his agent, you know." And then the subject dropped.

Clare went in and out about her light morning tasks—homely household duties, never so homely as now, when the hope that had glorified all was wanting. How different everything looked this morning. The very sunshine seemed to mock her with its brightness. Even her own face looked unfamiliar to her as she stood before the little mirror, tying on her bonnet, before starting to church. A sweet, fair face it was, and the dainty white ribbons and drooping blue bells matched it to perfection. Mrs. Benson thought, wondering in the depths of her ambitious, motherly heart, whether this delicate blossom of hers might not suit Mr. Conway's fastidious taste.

As for Clare herself, she had forgotten all about Mr. Conway again till the sight of his stylish turnout before the church door recalled him to her mind. Another carriage stood there which she recognized at once. *He* was here then. At the foot of the steps she chanced to drop her handkerchief. A gentleman standing there picked it up, and restored it with a bow and the words, "Im afraid my little friend has forgotten me altogether." Looking up, Clare met a pair of grey eyes, and a pleasant smile that had certainly belonged in the old time to Mr. Conway. He held her hand an instant, saying some pleasant thing about being very glad to meet her again; then they all went in.

The congregation were on their feet, and Clare glided among them to her accustomed place, unconscious that somebody's glance followed her eagerly. Only once that morning, looking across the house, she encountered the dark eyes of Wallace Rutherford fixed full on her face. No blushes burned on her cheeks under that intent gaze—the time for those things had gone by.

Sitting there, the sunshine lying in broad bars on the floor at her feet, one stray gleam lighting up her hair, she listened like one in a dream, while the minister discoursed eloquently of "Righteousness, faith, and a judgment to come." It was a powerful sermon, clear, forcible and convincing; and when at the close he prayed earnestly for "the army of the Union; for our soldiers and sailors on land and sea; for our dear ones in camp and field and hospital and on the march; for the living and the dying and the dead," choking sobs and fervent responses all over the house told where the sympathies of the listeners were.

Passing down the aisle after service, a hand was laid on Clare's arm, a gentle voice spoke her name, and she turned to hear Mrs. Rutherford say, "Clare, dear, here is a lady who wishes to be introduced to you. Miss Benson, my daughter-in-law, Mrs. Rutherford."

Clare spoke some words of courteous greeting, remembering that this lady was a stranger and Wallace's wife. "Not a bad or a heartless woman," she thought, looking up into the lovely face, all bloom and sparkle, that had come between her and happiness. If there was any bitterness in this thought none knew it but herself. Wallace Rutherford, watching the little group of three, saw only friendliness and good will in Clare's reception of his bride. "She carries it off well—or else she didn't care as much for me as I thought," his cool, dark face heating a little. He wondered if it really were so easy for her to give him up. He would try whether his voice had *any* power to move her now.

He made a movement to go to her, but a little crowd intervened; old friends and neighbors, anxious to shake hands and congratulate him. He spoke pleasantly to one and another, making his way out slowly from among them. Clare stood near the entrance, talking with a fine looking man, a stranger to him. She paused as he came near and gave him her hand with a polite "welcome home, Lieutenant Rutherford."

Was this all? Why, he had thought—he hardly know what he had expected—but certainly not this. And he saw Mr. Conway lead her down the steps and out to the carriage in waiting, with some such feeling as Adam must have had when he saw the gates of Paradise closed forever behind him, and realized that it *was* forever. Years might come and go, and the garden he had kept and tended would bloom on in eternal verdure. But its beauty would never again gladden *his* sight. Not for him were the gates of balm, not for him would the roses blow.

There was remorse and tenderness and love and regret in the look he cast after her. Somehow his wife's bright beauty seemed dim to him beside the serene face and still composure of this girl, whom he had slighted in a way that a woman seldom forgives; whose heart he had won only to cast it aside when he found that his love for her stood in the way of his own worldly advancement; this woman who, putting aside their past as if it had never been, greeted him with cool friendliness and a certain fine reserve that made him feel, even while he stood close beside her, as if they were miles and miles apart.

If she had betrayed *any* feeling at meeting him he could have borne it better; anger, or contempt even, anything but this quiet indifference that maddened him. If ever Wallace Rutherford cursed the demon of ambition that had led him on to the commission of an act that was irrevocable he did it now, now while the reality of all that he had lost was there before him, taunting him with thoughts of what "might have been." And the sweetest dream of his life vanished utterly as Mr. Conway's carriage dashed off, and he caught a brief, fleeting glimpse of a small figure lying back among the cushions, and a delicate profile clearly outlined against the crimson lining.

Three weeks passed quickly away, but before they were gone it was known everywhere that Clare Benson was to marry Mr. Conway. People congratulated Mrs. Benson on the brilliant match her daughter was about to make, and young Mrs. Rutherford called to congratulate the bride elect. Wallace heard of it, too, but what *he* thought no one knew or was ever likely to know.

PART II.

Very fair and aristocratic Mrs. Conway looked amid her elegant surroundings—very fair and gracious as the mistress of Mr. Conway's grand house.

Six months a wife! She could hardly realize it as she sat before the grate on that January morning, her slippered feet buried among the roses of an ottoman, her white hands toying idly with the silken tassels of her morning robe. All about her was light and warmth and luxury; but she was thinking just then of a vine covered house far away in the country; of summer winds blowing softly among the tree tops, of apple trees gnarled and crooked, of a brook that ran gurgling through the meadow, the visible connecting link between that old time and the present being the stalwart, bearded soldier at her side, Jack Benson.

"You don't know, sis, how much I've wanted to see you all, nor how anxious I was to come home to the wedding; but I couldn't get a furlough, nohow."

She got up and put her two hands on his shoulder with an impulsive movement, in her gladness at seeing him going back easily and naturally to the old freedom of speech and action.

"Your dear old Jack! I can hardly realize yet that you're actually here with us at last. Are you sure you won't vanish into thin air, presently?"

He laughed.

"Not much danger of that, I guess."

"No, you look pretty substantial," with an admiring glance at his straight, powerful figure, for in outward appearance not less than mental qualities Jack Benson was "every inch a soldier."

She sat down on the ottoman at his feet, laying her white, braceletted arm across his knee. She had always liked to sit so, he remembered, when they were boy and girl together. She wore no jeweled ornaments on her wrist then. He took the small fingers into his own broad palm, turning the plain gold ring that encircled one of them round and round.

"It seems odd to see you wearing a wedding ring, Clare."

She smiled a little, but said nothing.

"Wallace Rutherford came home with his wife about the time you were married, didn't he?" asked Jack, abruptly.

"Just four weeks before I was married," in a low tone, her face turned a little away.

"Do you know, Clare," stroking her hair with his big hand. "Do you know that I used to think Wallace Rutherford loved you? I wonder you didn't love him."

Blind! blind! Clare thought bitterly that George, poring over his Latin exercises in the library below, might have given a very different version of that affair. But Jack had been away nearly two years. It was not to be supposed that he would know all that had gone on in his absence; and she was glad that he did not.

"Wallace Rutherford is a fine fellow; one of the best men I have ever known," went on this unconscious brother. "A trifle too ambitious, maybe, but one can forgive that in a man who has so many good qualities. Such a splendid fighter as he is, too. You ought to see him in a battle, Clare. He don't get at all excited—just goes into it as coolly as if there was no such thing as failure possible. I don't believe he ever *thinks* of failure. And I remember one day when we were under fire, and rebel bullets were whistling thick about us, and some of the boys showed signs of wavering, I saw him light a cigar and walk along the line in front of his men as unconcernedly as if the enemy were a hundred miles off and we were simply on parade. How the boys cheered when they saw it. Not a man blenched after that."

Mrs. Conway's cheeks kindled at this—she had all a woman's admiration for bravery—but the glow died out at her brother's next words:

"What did you think of his wife, Clare?"

"I thought her very beautiful. She had winning, attractive ways, too."

"She was a glorious woman," said Jack, some pleasant memory making his voice gentle when he spoke of her. "Wallace's regiment and mine were in the same brigade, so we were together a good deal, and after he was married his wife stayed several weeks in camp, and I saw a great deal of her.

"She had just come back then from a visit to Mrs. Rutherford, and she told me about you. She met you two or three times, she said. And she told me just how you all looked, you and mother and George, and all about the little church and Mrs. Rutherford's place and all. It was as good almost as going home myself. She told me about your engagement, too, even before I heard of it from you.

"She used to sing sometimes in the evenings for us homesick fellows—home tunes that would make some of them great strapping soldiers cry when they heard them. The boys worshipped the very ground she walked on, though they were only privileged to lift their caps in a silent salute when they met her, as they did to the officers; never to speak to her except under some extraordinary circumstances. But she always treated me more like a brother than a stranger; because I was Wallace's friend, I suppose.

"At last our brigade was ordered to the front, and Rutherford sent his wife north, to Baltimore, where some of her relatives lived. And she died there. I tell you there were many sad faces when the news came that she was dead."

Clare covered her face with her hands, remembering, with a pang of regret, how she had permitted herself to cherish hard, bitter thoughts toward this woman, who had never knowingly injured her in word or deed. And Jack went on.

"The second lieutenant of the company, Luke Roberts, used to say that Rutherford married Mrs. Winchester for no other reason under Heaven but that she was rich. But I knew Wallace better than that. He was not the man to sell himself for money. Colonel Marsh favored the match—Mrs. Winchester was his sister, you know, and Lieutenant Rutherford was a favorite of his. I think maybe Wallace looked at the advantage which such a connection would be to him—the influence and position it would give him in the regiment—the additional chances for promotion. But if such expectations had anything to do with his choice, he was disappointed, for in less than three months Colonel Marsh was killed, and another man, a stranger, appointed in his place.

"Rutherford was a proud man—too proud, I've sometimes thought, for his own good. When his wife died, she willed her whole fortune, two hundred thousand, to him, but he refused to touch it. 'He had no right to it,' he said, 'and he preferred to make his own way in the world.' A Quixotic notion it seemed to me, but Wallace always was the most independent fellow alive.

"I shall never forget the good turn he did me at the battle of Corinth. We were in the thickest of the fight, his regiment and mine side by side. All that afternoon we stood there in the hot sun, loading and firing, now advancing a few rods, then retreating to our old position, swaying a little first to one side, then the other—standing our ground pretty well, but not gaining any on the enemy.

"At last the order came to charge. We were glad enough to hear it, and made a rush forward in fine style, but the rebels had some cavalry posted there that we didn't know anything about, and they dashed in among us, breaking our lines and throwing us into confusion.

"In the melee I got separated from our men, and the first thing I knew three of the mounted devils had me surrounded. I was afoot, and my gun was empty—I had no chance at all. One big fellow—I shall remember his ugly face to my dying day—had his sabre raised to cut me down. I saw the shine of the steel as it came toward my head, but just before it reached me somebody struck up the scoundrel's arm, and the next minute he tumbled headlong from his saddle. I don't think he ever got up again.

"I knew who it was that had come to my assistance even before I heard Wallace Rutherford inquiring: 'Are you hurt, Jack?'

"'Not a bit,' I answered. 'I may thank you, though, that they didn't send me to 'kingdom come.' He smiled a little, but his voice was serious enough as he said 'I'm glad they didn't kill you. Clare would grieve herself to death if anything happened to you. Then he turned away, and the next minute I heard him rallying his men and getting them in position once more. I shall never forget it."

Clare would never forget it, either. In her mind one such brave, generous deed cancelled a multitude of sins. Not that he was guilty of a multitude of sins. All that she had known of him in the old time, all that Jack had told her of him since he entered the army, bore witness for him—all but the one fact of his treachery to her. *She* did not call it treachery—she never applied so harsh a word to any act of his. And he had thought of her even in the confusion of battle!

As for his wife, her heart went out kindly toward the beautiful woman who had been a friend to her brother when he was far away from home and kindred; over whose head the snows of winter were drifting, drifting drearily.

"And the rich man died and was buried."

As Dives, he had lived clad in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day; but no Lazarus lay uncared for at his gate, no cry from the oppressed went up to Heaven against him. True and just to all, there was little in his life that would not bear closest inspection. And Clare stood beside the velvet-draped coffin, the darkened parlor, and looked down upon the dead face of him who had been to her a tender husband, wise counsellor and true friend. In his affection she had found, if not happiness, at least peace, and that was much. And remembering all that he had been to her, she bent low and laid her cheek down in a mute and tender caress upon the clasped hands, cold and still now, that had ministered so untiringly to her every wish.

When the funeral was over and the will produced—a will of whose existence she had known, but had entirely forgotten—giving everything, real estate, horses and carriages, household furniture, and family plate, all, to Mrs. Jennie Lewis, Mr. Conway's only child, no thought of blame mingled in Clare's mind with the memory of the dead.

She knew how it was—that this will, brought forward now, had been made six months before her marriage with Mr. Conway, and his sudden death had prevented him at the last from making a new one, or providing in any way for her.

Ah! well. There were many things in life worse than the loss of fortune.

She knew that Mr. Lewis, a grasping, avaricious man, would exact every cent due his wife from the estate; but he could not touch the comfortable property secured by deed to Mrs. Benson, and George's school bills were paid a year in advance.

For herself it did not matter. She could renounce all the grandeur that had been hers for a year, with nothing more than a passing pang. She had worked before—she could do it again.

Walking slowly down the street one morning, the May sunshine glinting across the heavy crape folds of her widow's dress, Mrs. Conway came face to face with an old friend, Mrs. Rutherford. The elder lady so worn and haggard that Clare's first inquiry was,

"What is the matter?"

"Wallace is wounded—at Nashville—and I am going to him."

"You surely are not going to attempt this long journey alone?"

"I must. There is nobody that I know to go with me. Do you know where the ticket office is?"

"We have just passed it. Let me turn back with you."

In ten minutes Mrs. Rutherford was in possession of a ticket and such information as she needed from the agent.

"Now," said Mrs. Conway, as they stepped into the street, "you must come home with me and get some rest. You will have time, the train doesn't leave till three, you know, and you are nearly worn out now."

Mrs. Rutherford yielded like a child to her companion's suggestion and guidance. She was nearly exhausted with anxiety and fatigue; and Clare wondered whether she really could endure the long journey that lay before her. What would become of her if she should fall ill on the way?

Arrived at home, Mrs. Conway found a letter awaiting her, an envelope addressed to her, containing only a slip of paper bearing these words:

"Your brother is lying badly wounded, at general hospital No. —, Nashville. Come quickly."

She went straight to Mrs. Rutherford, and placed the paper in her hands.

"See. I am going with you. I shall get ready while you rest."

Surgeon Moore glanced keenly at the two women who presented themselves at his office with a request for admission to the hospital.

"Certainly, ladies. Sergeant Benson is better, I am glad to say; but Lieutenant Rutherford is very low."

Mrs. Rutherford's face blanched at that, and she turned with a sick feeling of despair and followed the attendant as he led the way to Ward A, where the two lay of whom they were in search.

Jack greeted them with a smile.

"His wound was an ugly one, but the fever and inflammation had been got under; and now there was some hope of his getting well. You've no idea how the sight of home-faces cheers a fellow up," he said.

"Your brother is doing as well as could possibly be expected, Mrs. Conway," said Doctor Moore in an undertone to Clare, "but I have little hope of that poor fellow yonder," indicating by a slight movement the bed over which Mrs. Rutherford was bending eagerly. "The worst of it is he doesn't care whether he lives or dies. If he could only be roused to care—to feel an interest in anything he might be saved. My only hope now is in his mother's coming."

He paused, and they moved a little nearer, watching intently as Mrs. Rutherford laid her hand on her son's forehead and spoke his name. He knew her instantly and roused up a little, appearing glad to see her; but very soon the listlessness came back, and he closed his eyes wearily. The surgeon looked very grave.

"The last experiment has failed. It's a mental disease for which we have no remedy," he said.

A sharp pain pierced its way to Clare's heart. She drew near and stood beside the bed, looking down upon this man who once had been all the world to her. What subtle magnetism was in her touch that his whole frame thrilled as her hand came in contact with his? The dark eyes flashed wide open, a great wave of color leaped into his face.

"Is it my little girl, my promised wife come back to me after all this weary time?"

Clare stood silent and pale, unable to utter a sound. His little girl! His promised wife! The words touched her as she had thought nothing on earth could ever touch her again. And the bare walls of the hospital stretched away into a lovely landscape, and the carol of birds and the fragrance of blossoming lilacs were about her, and the same voice, *his* voice, was in her ear, and the words were, "my little girl, my promised wife."

The sweet dream lasted but a moment—then her thoughts came back to the present; to the long rows of beds with their poor, mangled occupants, to the anxious mother and the quiet, attentive physician.

Looking down she met Wallace Rutherford's glance, not listless now, but intent, eager. He put up his arm weakly and drew her down to him, asking low,

"Will you ever forgive me?"

"I forgave you long ago, Wallace."

"Clare, you are good as heaven. And will you be my wife when I get well?"

She hesitated at that. She would have been more than mortal if the thought of how he had deserted her once had not intruded then; but his eyes pleaded eloquently for him, as he whispered,

"I have never *loved* any woman but you in all my life, Clare. Promise me, dear."

"I promise."

He held her close an instant and kissed her, then let her go. She turned away. Doctor Moore put out his hand as she passed.

"You have saved him."

She glanced up timidly, her face full of a solemn, tender joy, and the little surgeon thought involuntarily of "saints glorified."

He did not know how all that the woman's soul had longed for through months of weary waiting, through the anguish of keen disappointment and bitter loss, had met in this hour its full fruition. Not the mother who had borne her, knew; not the man lying yonder whom she loved next to her Maker, knew; not the brother whose sympathy had comforted her in many a dark hour; to One only it was all known, One who has said, "*I* will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

She came back that evening and established herself by Jack's bedside; shook up his pillows, combed his hair, arranged the covers to his liking, and made him comfortable generally, while he watched her with a feeling of intense satisfaction, thinking how nice and home like it seemed to have her there.

"Sis, you've grown to be actually beautiful."

She blushed a little and laughed—a low, pleasant laugh. The man in the next bed heard it, and raised himself on his elbow to look at her, thinking, for he had an artist's eye, what a pretty picture she made standing there where the lamplight fell in a flood over her shining hair, her animated face, and the soft, sweeping folds of her dress.

Another pair of eyes farther down the room, followed her every movement; and when Wallace Rutherford dropped asleep that night, his dreams were all of her. He was interested now in getting well.

Shall I tell you of the journey homeward when the two soldiers were at length able to travel; and how Wallace pleaded with Clare to marry him there in Nashville before they started; which was very unreasonable of him, certainly; but then he felt so uncertain of his happiness—he had such a morbid fear of losing her.

George received his new brother-in-law most coolly at first. The slight offered to his sister long ago, still rankled at the boy's heart, and the flame of resentment burned hot on his cheek at sight of Lieutenant Rutherford. So, although he treated the young officer civilly enough, he made no pretence of cordiality, and did not take the hand he offered.

Wallace knew what this meant.

"George, your sister has forgiven me. Can't you do the same?"

The old, cordial friendliness in words and tone softened the boy a little. One glance at Clare's pleading face, and the barriers were quite broken down.

"Are you going to marry him, Clare?"

"Yes, George."

"Well, sir, if she can afford to overlook what's past, I'm sure I ought to."

And with that he gave his sister a right bearish hug—wrung Wallace's hand, and walked off. As he said afterward, "He was sixteen years old, and most too big to cry," but his lips trembled a little for all that, and there was a suspicious moisture in his eyes, which was no shame to his opening manhood.

Mrs. Benson came down in a glow and tremble to welcome them all home. Mr. Benson had a hundred questions to ask; and Mrs. Rutherford forgot her fatigue in the gladness of being among old friends once more; so they gathered a glad and happy party about the cheerful supper-table.

In due time there was a wedding—a very plain one—for Clare would have no display. She was to be a poor man's wife now. No stately home and well-trained servants awaited her as their mistress. No luxurious surroundings or tiresome splendors for her this time; but, instead, comparative poverty, and a life of labor, with the man she loved.

The man she loved! That thought was sweeter than all. In that was joy and happiness to her for all coming time.

They went that summer to visit Mrs. Rutherford at the old place. And once more Wallace was a hero; and old friends and neighbors who had congratulated Mrs. Conway, gave still warmer greetings to Mrs. Lieutenant Rutherford.

Wallace looked down fondly and proudly on his young wife, thinking how lovely she looked in her bridal attire, and what a blessing she was to him.

He did not tell her then, how he had once stood for two hours before her husband's house, in the bitter cold of a midwinter night, watching hungrily for a sight of her. There was a ball that night, he remembered, and from his post he could hear the tread of

"The dancers dancing in tune,"

and through the window could catch occasional glimpses of Mrs. Conway as she moved about among her guests, radiant

"In sheen of satin and glimmer of pearls."

"Mrs. Conway?" He repeated the name over to himself, standing there. "Mrs. Conway, the banker's wife." Why, she belonged to *him*. That dainty head had lain on his breast a score of times. Those sweet lips had whispered sweeter promises that had never been fulfilled.

Whose fault was it that they had never been fulfilled? Not hers, certainly. *She* had been true. He wondered idly, standing there, if she would care if she should hear some day that he was dead—killed in battle. It was not likely. Living or dead, he was nothing to her, he remembered that. Nothing at all.

With his own hand he had shut and barred the gates of his earthly heaven; and now there was nothing for him but to follow on in the path he had himself chosen. This was the bitterest thought of all; and in that hour Wallace Rutherford had a faint conception of what hell must be like—an eternity of self-reproach and remorse. And so with a miniature hell raging in his own bosom, he went back to his regiment and the duties awaiting him there.

He recollected the days, and weeks, and months that came after, as one looks back upon some dreadful dream; remembering how he had opened his eyes one day to find Clare's face, tender and pitiful, bending over him; Clare's soft hand in his; and how, like one awaking from sleep, he realized that they were both free, and he was at liberty to tell her of his vain regrets, and so get rid of part of the burden that oppressed him, by making full confession of his sin to this true woman.

It was all over now; the self-accusations, the bitter regrets, the remorse of those troubled days; only, sometimes, looking down upon his wife's face, he wondered with a thrill of pain, if she had suffered as deeply as he.

One day he asked her.

They had wandered away in the early evening to Mr. Benson's old house—it was empty now—and sat down on the broad stone doorstep. And with her husband's arm about her, and her head on his shoulder, Clare told him of the grief that had come so nigh to overwhelming her when she first knew that he was married, and not to her.

He drew her closer to him as she talked, closer and closer into the shelter of his arms. The moon, just rising, round and red, above the Jersey hills, shone down upon them both sitting there as it had shone upon her sitting alone that night. The little church was lighted up as it had been then, and as the recital was ended, a flood of melody came floating out toward them, wave after wave of sound. Grand air and familiar words—Clare listened, thrilled as she had been that night.

"If distress befall you, painful though it be,
Let not grief appall you, to your Saviour flee.
He ever near, your prayer will hear, and calm your perturbation.
The waves of woe shall ne'er o'erflow the rock of your salvation."

When the last note had died away, and she lifted her face to meet her husband's kiss, he saw that she had been crying. Very tenderly he drew the shawl about her, and together they went home in the moonlight. But Clare was very silent, for her heart was offering up fervent thanksgivings to Him who had been in deed and in truth "the rock of her salvation."

☞ As a surgeon in the army was going his rounds, examining the patients, he came to a sergeant who had been struck by a bullet in the left breast, right over the region of the heart. The doctor, surprised at the narrow escape of the man, exclaimed, "Why, my man, where, in the name of goodness, could your heart have been?" "I guess it must have been in my mouth just then, doctor," replied the poor fellow, with a faint and sickly smile.

☞ The graduates of West Point have established a very sensible custom of giving a goblet to the first born baby to a member of the class. The goblet is in the shape of a bomb-shell, with suitable emblems at the base and medallions of Cupid, Mars, &c., surrounding a mortar.

☞ VERY DISRESPECTFUL.—Quilp says that when he first married his wife called him "honey," but since their silver wedding she addressed him as "Old Beeswax." Disrespectful lady.

BEATRICE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY BERTHA BARTON.

CHAPTER I.

Beatrice Eagerton was betrothed to Linley Rutherford. This engagement was an enigma that Miss Eagerton's many *dear* friends could not solve. They commented upon the subject, and each expressed an opinion in regard to the "moving power" which actuated her to take this singular (?) step. Could ambition be her incentive? Certainly the bait *was* a golden one, but was not Miss Eagerton the daughter of the late Hon. Hervey Eagerton, and sole heiress of the broad lands of Hazelhurst Park?

It was a mystery.

Not one of the luminaries which revolved around Beatrice Eagerton had ever so dazzled her with its radiance as to cause her to reveal her confidence; she was gracious and charming, but *never* confidential.

Perhaps some one slightly tinged with sentimentality might here suggest that Miss Eagerton's coterie had made one important omission: the existence of the fabric upon which engagements are said to be erected being altogether ignored, viz: love.

No one within the limits of Miss Eagerton's circle would have possessed the temerity to advance such a remark, for the avalanche of sarcasm lavished upon the offender would be overwhelming.

When a settled conviction upon a point has been attained, one cannot tamely brook to be aroused from it. Now it had long been an established opinion that Beatrice Eagerton would never love, and never marry. She had led such an independent, self-sufficient life—how could she submit to the silken fetters of wedlock? and even putting that aside, her supposed ideal was far too exalted to meet with its counterpart in this sublunary sphere, where cuirasseted knights rank among the things "that are no more."

This ground was not self-assumed, but where others placed Miss Eagerton.

Linley Rutherford was only a plain, dark man, but unlike the hero of "Jane Eyre," (which some writer remarks has become the pet style of the fiction writers of the present day,) he was genial and pleasant, and Beatrice Eagerton may have imagined that the nineteenth century can boast of as brave, true hearts as ever beat under armor.

Beatrice had refused many eligible offers. What if her suitors were men of the world, men who led *aimless* lives, heedlessly throwing away time that could never be redeemed? Were they not amiable, languidly polite, and wealthy aristocrats? What more could a reasonable girl desire?

But there are *some* hearts which the above requirements cannot fill, and it may be that Beatrice Eagerton's ranked among that class.

When Linley Rutherford (metaphorically speaking) threw down the gauntlet, entered the magic ring, and distancing all competitors, bore off the prize, Miss Eagerton's circle were lost in a maze of bewildered surprise.

Unimaginative man that Mr. Rutherford was, he dreamed of a blissful future, and erected various "Castles in Spain" relative to the time when Beatrice would become the queen of his home, as she was now of his heart, the presiding deity of his elegant mansion; *his* till death should part; not fashion's votary, not the world's, but his alone. Beatrice had been left an orphan at an early age. Her aunt, Mrs. Morris, to whose care she had been committed, was a weak minded, fashionable woman, who endeavored to instill in the mind of her young charge her own false, hollow principles. Thus surrounded by influences which would have spoiled a less noble nature, she had grown into womanhood.

I do not wish it to be inferred that Beatrice was faultless: on the contrary, she was wilful and capricious, but she was also high-souled, generous and true.

Miss Eagerton's myriad friends were familiar with her exterior life, but of the undercurrent of her thoughts and feelings, they knew absolutely nothing. These pleasure-seeking butterflies could not attain to her level, neither could she descend to theirs; therefore she looked down upon them from her height, simply tolerating them as the companions of the day. She honored them with her favor, allowing them to bask in the light reflected from her presence, and they were well content.

Apparently Beatrice was an ardent devotee at the shrine of fashion and gayety. There *had been* a time when heartsick she turned from the world's false stimulants, longing to lead a higher, better life; but her theories were pronounced chimerical, and politely sneered down, and she was chilled and disappointed by the lack of sympathy. Probably intervening years had obliterated such early girlish emotions. She was now twenty-two, and appeared to be conformed and moulded into the ways of the world. If memories of "what might have been" ever arose, Beatrice made no verbal demonstration.

Shall I describe Beatrice Eagerton? She was, what is generally styled a statuesque beauty, with a tall, slight figure, infinitely graceful; a clear, pale complexion, and a small crimson mouth, which when she smiled reminded one of trite but beautiful similies. But her eyes, her splendidly, glorious eyes, were her chief attraction.

I will relate a little incident by way of illustration.

It was at an evening company, that a group of young men stood idly discussing Miss Eagerton. All agreed that the color of her eyes had never been ascertained by either of the party and a variety of opinions were expressed.

With characteristic bravery Frank Morton volunteered to sacrifice personal feeling in the cause of a mystified brotherhood, seek Miss Eagerton, and solicit the favor of ascertaining the definite hue of the said eyes.

"I offer myself a willing victim upon the shrine of friendship," laughed Morton. "I will run the battery of Miss Eagerton's glances, and predict that I will come off with flying colors!"

"A consummation devoutly to be wished," was the unanimous reply.

The group looked on in wondering admiration, while Morton crossed the apartment to Beatrice's side, and calmly stated his mission.

Miss Eagerton neither smiled nor frowned. She only bent her gaze full upon him for a moment, and then turned away, unmindful of his bow, and somewhat confused thanks. Upon his return to his friends he stated that the orbs in question were "totally indescribable."

One amused listener suggested that Morton was so near the verge of annihilation from the blaze of scorn emanating from Miss Eagerton's eyes, as to render him incapable of forming a judgment. Of course Morton denied the impeachment with indignation proportionate to the merits of the case.

A superlative degree of adjectives had been lavished upon Miss Eagerton. She was a splendid creature; a glorious woman, but few said of her, "she is lovable."

In her the centripetal and centrifugal forces were evenly balanced; her beauty and grace charmed, while her coldness and pride repelled.

But Linley Rutherford thought that the whole wide world contained no other so fair and bright as his lovely fiancee, Beatrice Eagerton.

CHAPTER II.

It was the evening preceding Beatrice Eagerton's wedding-day. Linley had just left her, and she was now pacing the luxuriously-furnished drawing-room, with a restless, excited step. Her white brow was knit, the lips compressed, and the little hand tightly clasped. She seemed engaged in deep and perplexing thought. "I am but fulfilling my destiny," she said in a low tone. "I may have to thread a labyrinth, but n'importe; my path is chosen. Does not 'Festus' say, 'passion is destiny; the heart is its own fate?'"

Pausing before a marble centre-table, she selected a camelia from a vase of rare exotics, and gazed intently upon its snowy beauty. Gradually her mouth lost its tense, defiant curves, and a soft light dawned in her eyes.

"Thus I throw aside the unsatisfactory past," she murmured, as she plucked to pieces the flower she held, and scattered the petals around her. "To-morrow I become Linley Rutherford's wife! Who can tell but that the future may supply my utmost need?"

The wedding morn proved dark and lowering. Beatrice, in her bridal robes, stood alone by the low window of her pretty boudoir, looking out upon the scene.

A spell seemed thrown around her. Old nursery traditions relative to a gloomy wedding-day, came unbidden to her memory. She was oppressed with an undefinable foreboding.

"What a step I am about to take," she said, as she caught a glimpse of her face, as white as the dress she wore, in the opposite mirror. "I may be all *wrong* where I thought I was right. I cannot see my way clearly. Ah! much I wonder how other girls, bright and happy, feel on *their* wedding-day; those who unlike me go to the altar with—but I am growing childish. Why can I not shake off this depression?"

She bowed her head, and covered her face with her hands.

"I have no one to guide or direct me," she moaned. "Is it a marvel that without compass or pilot, I drift with the tide? No mother! no true friend! At such a moment as this I am alone. Heaven help me, *all alone!*"

With Beatrice Eagerton the latter clause was an exclamation, not a prayer. She had yet to learn of the Friend to whom, in time of trial, all can freely go.

"I may retract now, at the last moment," she continued, as she half slipped the engagement ring from her finger.

As she spoke there came the hum of many voices without the door.

"It is *too late;* they are waiting for me. I may live to say that this last moment can never be made up, and mourn over

"'The tender grace of a day that is dead.'"

And so they where married—Linley Rutherford and Beatrice Eagerton—and started off on a prolonged bridal tour.

"The season" had just begun, when Beatrice was installed as mistress of her elegant city residence. A very queen she was in society and in her own home; receiving adulation and homage as if it were only her due. Those who beheld her in the ball-room, at the opera, or in her own mansion, always brilliant and beautiful, pronounced her blest; and when was ever the wise world mistaken in its verdict? If the semblance of a shadow could be said to have fallen upon Linley Rutherford's new found happiness, it was this. He had not yet experienced the home pleasures of which he had dreamed. He philosophized upon the subject, and arrived at the conclusion that when the novelty of city fascination wore away, Beatrice would renounce such empty gayeties, and gladly turn to the sanctuary of home. Ah! *then* their true life would begin; how his heart leaped at the thought.

It was the evening of a popular opera. The house was thronged. Mr. Rutherford's box was occupied by Beatrice, pretty little Mrs. Dale and her husband, and Linley himself.

Beatrice was looking even more beautiful than usual. She was gracefully leaning back among the crimson velvet cushions, her cheek resting upon her hand, and only her delicate profile presented to the many eyes bent upon her. Diamonds scintillated and gleamed from her white throat and arms, and were twined in the braids of her dark hair. She did not effect severe simplicity; she prized her rare jewels, not for their intrinsic value, but because they enhanced her beauty; true to womanly instinct, she wished to appear fair in the eyes of all. The opera was only half over, when a note was handed Linley. It was from a friend who had just returned from abroad, stating that this would be his only night in the city, as unavoidable business called him North, and requesting Linley to come around to his hotel, where they might indulge in a quiet tete-a-tete.

"Do not remain on my account," said Beatrice, "I think I can rely upon Mr. and Mrs. Dale's kindness, to see me safely at home."

The above mentioned personages expressed the pleasure they would derive from becoming Mr. Rutherford's substitute.

With a smile and a bow Linley walked off.

Why was there such a transformation in Beatrice, after her husband' departure? Was her quick, low drawn sigh one of relief? She had sat unmoved during the most pathetic, soul-thrilling passages of the opera, but now emotions held under control while Linley was present, were allowed full play; it was as if she had cast from her both past and future, and existed in an ideal world. Her eyes grew luminous; her lips parted in a half smile, and the color came into her cheek in soft, pink waves.

The opera was concluded. Beatrice slowly arose, and drew her white cloak around her. She was again the cold, self-possessed Mrs. Rutherford. When Beatrice reached home Linley had not yet returned, and she passed into the drawing-room to await his arrival.

A half hour later Linley stood in the open doorway. Beatrice was standing before the glowing fire, totally oblivious of his presence. The color and light had died out of her face; her arms drooped wearily by her side; she looked desperate, despairing, *hopeless*, as if she had played for a large stake and *lost*.

Could that pale, grief stricken woman be his wife, the envied Beatrice Rutherford, whom he had sought to shield from the breath of sorrow. A sudden revelation was made to Linley; a gulf opened at his feet. Should he look into the abyss, or stand with closed eyes upon the brink? He was a brave man, and did not shrink from the inevitable; he walked to his wife's side.

"Beatrice!"

She started at the sound of his voice, and turned her white face toward him, intuitively divining that the crisis had come.

"Beatrice, you have never loved me." Linley's tone was so suppressed that the words were scarcely above a whisper, but it sounded strangely loud to the ear upon which it fell.

She raised her eyes to his; there was no prevarication or evasion.

"You are right," was all she said.

Although Linley had nerved himself to hear the worse, he clenched his hands and bit his lip at this confirmation of his worse fears.

"And yet you became my wife."

The reproach and grief of a heart which had been deeply wronged rang through the words.

"Hear me! Oh, hear me!" she cried, but Linley interrupted her.

"When you gave me your promise did you love another?"

It lay in her power to afford him, at least, one gleam of comfort.

"No. Oh! no, never!" she exclaimed.

"I have loved you truly and trusted you entirely," he went on in a bitter, pitiless tone. "I would have scorned to question a love which I felt was implied when you stood beside me at the altar. You have played your part well. I blindly accepted counterfeit for genuine coin. Beatrice, perhaps your nature cannot fathom the depth of the wrong you have done me. I would have rather died in the belief that your heart was mine than to live on in the knowledge that we are hopelessly estranged!"

"Forgive me!" said Beatrice, tremulously. "I view things in a different light now. I see how false I have been to myself and to you. It was selfishness that prompted me to offer you the semblance of affection, thereby endeavoring to fill the void in my life. I was weary of an empty, soulless existence. You were my ideal of nobility and truth. I sincerely respected you, and looked to you to save me from the worldly whirlpool into which I felt I must soon be engulfed. I knew of your lofty aims and charitable designs to benefit mankind. I felt that it would be a great privilege to be by your side and to work with you. After our marriage the truth was forced upon my mind that I was unfitted to take a part in your efforts and purposes. Only *love* could raise me to your level and that love was wanting. I could not sympathize with and encourage you. To find that I could not be your soul companion was bitter. In gayety I again sought relief from thought. I have been deeply in the wrong—forgive me?"

"I forgive you, Beatrice," and Linley Rutherford's tone was far more dreadful to Beatrice than harsh invectives, "but it will be long before the memory of this hour can be banished from my mind."

Beatrice had endeavored to build upon an insecure foundation, and she now found her hopes lying scattered at her feet. She had erred, and was now reaping the fruits of her error.

This was a sad lesson to Beatrice, but it was a needful one; it humbled her pride and taught her to depend on a higher strength than her own.

From beneath the ruins of our sorrows often bloom the flowers of our greatest good and happiness.

CHAPTER III.

It has been said that to affect indifference, is the most sure mode of winning love. However this may be, it was the plan adopted by Linley Rutherford, and it seemed apparently a wise one. His wounded love sought refuge in a panoply of pride and coldness. The absence of his former lover-like devotion created a blank in Beatrice's life; but she felt that it were better for Linley to know *all*, and thus save her from a constant mask of smiles and words. Whatever she may have suffered, from the knowledge of having forfeited her husband's esteem, she made no sign.

And so the weeks passed on, but to neither Linley nor Beatrice were they—

"A course of days composing happy months."

Although Linley little dreamed it, the silver lining which is said to be ever behind even the darkest cloud, was about to emerge forth.

He was blind to the evident fact that Beatrice's beautiful eyes wore a more tender and wistful expression than of yore; that she smiled more brightly when *he* was near; and would start and blush at the sound of his voice, as she had never done during their engagement. Linley Rutherford sat alone in the library one evening, Beatrice, in company with a number of friends, having gone to attend an amateur concert. A book lay open before him, but he was not reading. He was thinking of the *past*, of the brief but blissful period preceding his marriage. An incident in connection with that time came vividly to his memory.

He had been reading a love impassioned poem to Beatrice; at its conclusion he glanced at his companion. Beatrice seldom displayed deep emotion, but her expression at that moment Linley never forgot. Her soul looked from her eyes, and her whole being seemed enthralled. Linley then felt that though the world deemed her cold, she was capable of intense love. He had then imagined that her heart was his, but he had discovered his mistake, and he now mentally vowed that he would never believe he had won her affection, until *such a look* had been turned on *him*.

Once he had said to Beatrice. "No one has ever called me 'Linley' save my mother, and it has been a wish of mine that only the one who loved me truly and above all others, should give me that title."

Why Beatrice had always addressed him as "Mr. Rutherford" was now evident; she had no *right*, through the virtue of affection, to otherwise address him.

Linley now brooded over these things with all the bitterness of disappointed hopes.

He started when the sound of carriage wheels stopping before the door fell upon his ear.

He heard Beatrice's sweet voice in the hall below, as she exchanged a gay adieu with her companions, and the rustle of her dress, and her light step (how well he knew it) as she ascended the staircase and entered the library.

Linley arose and proffered a chair. Beatrice uttered a low "thank you," but stood with one jewelled hand resting upon the back of the seat, and her eyes bent upon the floor.

Linley had resumed his seat, but he could not resist the temptation of gazing upon Beatrice in her fresh, young beauty. He took in every minute detail; the white dress, with its rich lace trimmings flowing around her graceful figure; the droop of the dark braids upon the stately neck, with a single camelia twined in them; the delicate tint of the cheek, and the half-sad curve of the lip—her very loveliness caused him a pang.

Beatrice moved and softly sighed, and Linley turned to his reading.

"Linley!"

Beatrice was kneeling by his side, with both hands clasped upon his shoulder, and her eyes raised to his. What did Linley Rutherford read in that book and in that old familiar name? The translation of their mystic language was, I ween, far sweeter to him than the conning o'er of ancient lore. The hope of his life was at last fulfilled; now he could truly say—

"Mine to the core of the heart, my beauty,
Mine, all mine."

A Man of Regular Habits.

Some twenty-five years ago, or perhaps a little more, an aged and highly respected physician departed this life in one of the counties of Massachusetts. In fact, this worthy gentleman had reached, at the time of his decease, the extraordinary age of one hundred and five years.

No little interest, as may be imagined, had hovered around his slowly declining days, and this was naturally awakened to fresher concern at the period of his long-deferred death. He had always enjoyed the full esteem of his fellow-citizens and the medical profession, which naturally looked up to him as its father and guide. The period of his death was one of great excitement in regard to the temperance question, and it was felt that some important lessons for the benefit of the cause could be derived from an investigation of the ordinary habits of a gentleman of education and scientific attainments, whose life had been protracted to such an advanced period, doubtless owing to the rigorous adherence to the laws of health, as promulgated and enforced by the total-abstinence advocates of the day.

Accordingly, after the lapse of a due season, a committee was deputed, on the part of the temperance societies, to wait upon some near relatives of the old gentleman deceased, in order to learn positively what had been the course of his life, and by what means he had so long preserved an existence in the possession of mental and physical vigor, until at length it yielded to the absolute decay of bodily powers, without the intervention of any acute disease.

The deputation having proceeded to the ancient physician's late place of residence, waited upon a gentleman who was his grandson, to obtain from him all the particulars concerning his aged relative. After due sentiments of condolement had been expressed, the suitable inquiries were propounded.

"Doubtless," said the chief interlocutor, "your grandfather, enjoying such a remarkable span of existence, was a strict observer of the rules of temperance; we need not express our confidence that he indulged in no excess in the use of hurtful kinds of drink."

"Oh, no, sir," said the person inquired of; "you may be sure of that. My grandfather was a person of very regular habits."

"But we would like to know, if you please," pursued the questioner, "something in particular regarding his mode of life; how, for instance, he began, and passed, and ended the day."

"Well, sir, when he first rose in the morning, he took about half a glass of pure Jamaica rum; my grandfather was a person of very regular habits; this was his uniform custom."

"This, I suppose," said the inquirer, "was to give a sort of filip to his system, after the lethargy of lengthened repose, made requisite, as an exceptional case, by his very advanced period of life. Please tell us what his practice was during the rest of the day?"

"My grandfather, gentlemen, was a person of very regular habits, and took nothing else of this sort until eleven o'clock, and then only a glass of Jamaica rum."

"Indeed! Did he drink anything with his meals?"

"Not exactly with his meals; about half an hour before dinner, he drank a mixture to which he was partial, consisting of half and half of cider and rum. But after drinking that, it was his custom to go out for a short walk and return to dinner. When dinner was about half through, he would then drink, say, a glass of rum, or whiskey, as the case might be, and another when dinner was over. Dinner was always on the table at one o'clock; he took no more until four o'clock, and after that a small quantity in his tea. His practice was not to drink anything else until near bedtime, which was always nine o'clock, when he had a glass or two of whiskey or rum; unless, indeed, some neighbor or friend came in to join him. He was very hospitable always, and, as I have remarked, extremely regular in his habits."

The committee looked at one another, and hesitated about pursuing the inquiry any further. It occurred to them, however, that it would be well to save themselves, if possible, in regard to the use of tobacco.

"Did Dr. —— ever smoke?" asked the chairman.

"That," said their host, "was one of his most regular habits. He was not often without a pipe in his mouth, when not engaged professionally. He did not smoke in his bed."

"Surely, then, he used tobacco in no other way?" suggested the interrogator.

"My grandfather, every Saturday afternoon, gentlemen, purchased a certain quantity of pig-tail tobacco, say from twenty-one to twenty three inches in length; this he cut into seven different portions, one of which per day, and no more, he used for chewing in the course of the seven days of the week. My grandfather's habits, as I have observed——"

"Oh, confound your grandfather and his habits!" broke in the questioner, out of all patience. "I beg your pardon, sir; but it is not necessary to pursue this subject any further."

☞ In Ontonagan, Michigan, during the recent flood, five children of Mr. Bethuel Draper were drowned under very painful circumstances. The father was away, and the mother, when the water filled the house, lashed the children to herself and clung to a tree, but the tree soon went, and she saw her children drowned before her eyes, unable to render any aid. She was forced to remain in a tree two days, suffering intensely, before the water subsided, but was finally saved.

SCRAPS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY VERNET.

The Sloth.

It is just possible that zoological gardens and cages of a menagerie are not the most profitable schools in which to study natural history—especially that of lions, tigers, sea-elephants, condors, cormorants, penguins and Peruvian *gallina de monte;* as well as several other specimens of wild beasts and birds.

Two of our great naturalists have most minutely described the individual characteristics of several South American beasts, with which I am intimately acquainted by long associations with in their native haunts, but upon my word, I should never have recognized by the description given us by these *savans* in natural history.

To individualize, it is my honest opinion that if the great Cuvier were alive to-day, and there were to be presented to him a full-grown Brazilian sloth, fresh from the recesses of his native forests, the great master would be very apt to start with surprise, and inquire—

"What on earth now is that monstrous queer thing?"

And well he might, for in sober truth, *his* sloth, or the specimen I have seen in the London Zoological collection, are little more like the free, wild animal of the Brazilian jungle, than the tad-pole is like a butter-fly.

I had a Brazilian sloth for a near neighbor once—only the height of a moderately tall *jacurandowa* tree between us, and for three weeks I studied the animal an hour or so every day most attentively, and as he was a fair sample of the sloth family, I give him to the reader precisely as I found him.

In length from the tip of the snout, to the rump, the animal was within a trifle of four feet, his body as round as a stove-pipe and nearly as black, though nothing nearly so smooth—the sloth being a decidedly rough-coated fellow. The legs in their anatomy resemble the bears, but are shorter in proportion to the size of the animal, their whole length being not above eleven inches. But then the limbs make up in thickness what they lack in length, as the girth of the four combined will equal that of the body which is about forty-five inches.

The feet are armed with three immensely strong claws shaped exactly like those of a cat. The head is small compared with the size of the body, shaped very like an egg, provided the egg had a continuation of the small end, in form like the muzzle of a King Charles Spaniel. The mouth is somewhat capacious, filled with beautiful white, sharp teeth—nine molars on each side in either jaw and eight incisors, precisely like those of a gray-squirrel. The animal has a favorite habit of grinning very like the opossum, which gives him the appearance of being a jolly laughing fellow.

I think my neighbor was something more than two days in ascending the trunk of the tree he had selected for his temporary home, and as soon as he had fixed himself among the branches, he fell too upon the foliage as if he had fasted for a month. So he went on, gorging himself every day, until at the expiration of two weeks he had eaten every green leaf from the tree.

Then the gentleman began to fidget about his supplies, and look longingly towards some other leafy banquet. But he had no idea of performing the laborious journey all the way down that trunk again. Not he. There was a shorter cut to the earth. He knew that, but he was timid about making the experiment, and so for an hour he hung under a branch by his four great legs. Then one foot relaxed its hold—after an hour or so another, and at last he hung nearly two hours by one foot.

At last his last grip parted, and down he came with a *thud*, bouncing up from the ground like a rubber ball, and subsiding into an inert mass, where he lay all the afternoon and through the night; and at about eight o'clock on the morning after his fall, he began to travel towards another tree some five rods distant.

Then it was that the *sloth* cropped out most beautifully. Travelling at the rate of a fourth-class snail; every time he put out one of his immense legs he screamed as if the effort was costing him his life. I did not wonder that he fell too upon the foliage of the second tree when he *did* reach it, like a half famished wolf, for I believe he was four days and a half in performing the journey.

In his wild, free condition, the sloth at will, emits so foeted, disgusting an odor, that no wild animal will approach him. This faculty he soon loses however, in captivity.

Old Times Returned.

All the chivalry has not yet gone out of this practical age. There was a tournament at Washington on Wednesday last, and the old Intelligencer wakes up and gives a full account of it. The knights did not poke at each other with lances, or hew each other down with battle-axes and two-handed swords, as in the times described by Sir Walter Scott, nor did they wear iron armor and helmets and visors. On the contrary, they simply rode around at full speed and tried to take a ring from its support with a long stick. The one who succeeded in doing this the most times had the privilege of crowning the Queen of Love and Beauty. The Knight of Arlington was the happy man, and Miss Nellie Morgan, the daughter of Thomas P. Morgan, Esq., was the happy woman. Then the Knight of Wyoming won the second prize and crowned Miss Ella Morgan as First Lady of Honor to her sister, the Queen. The chivalric sport terminated with no lives lost, no bones broken, and several hearts missing.

☞ At the Yale College commencement dinner, Gen. Ullman said he was authorized by the Secretary of War, a few days ago, to say that there had been recently disbanded, or were now in process of disbandment, 782,542 soldiers, and that we had a million of men in the field when Lee surrendered.

☞ The New Orleans Picayune says the talk of emigrating to Brazil continues in that part of the country, the emigrants being discontented Southern families, who, now that the rebellion is over, cannot make up their minds to live in this country. The country to which the proposed emigrants propose to go is the upper valley of the Tocantine river, whose chief seaport is Para. It is a country similar to that watered by the Amazon. The Picayune is of opinion that the movement will not amount to much; home ties are too strong for any considerable emigration to take place. The Texans are talking the same way.

Mr. Spurgeon and the Glasgow Policeman.

A rather good story, for the authenticity of which we can vouch, is just now going the rounds of the city. As our readers are aware, a great many persons obtained admission to the lecture delivered by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon (or rather "Mr." Spurgeon) in the City Hall last Tuesday evening, by presenting forged tickets. In consequence of this unprincipled and dishonest conduct, large numbers who had provided themselves with *bona fide* tickets were unable to gain admission; it having been necessary to close the doors before eight o'clock, the hour at which the proceedings were advertised to commence. Among the "latest arrivals" at the South Albion street entrance to the hall where Mr. Spurgeon himself and Dr. Joshua Paterson, who, on demanding admittance, were informed by a tall Highland policeman stationed at the door that the hall was already crammed to suffocation, and no one would be allowed to put his foot within the threshold.

"But we must get in," said Mr. Spurgeon, attempting to pass.

"I don't see that," replied the constable, barring the door with his burly frame.

"But we must get in," reiterated Mr. Spurgeon; "my friend here is Dr. Paterson, who is to act as chairman to-night." "And," struck in the doctor, "this gentleman is the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, who is to lecture; so you see it won't do to keep us out."

The policeman shrugged his shoulders, and, regarding the applicants with a knowing look, said,

"Do you really think I'm so jolly green?—move on!"

Fortunately, at this juncture, a member of the Protestant Layman's Association, who had been on the look out for Mr. Spurgeon, came to the rescue, and, having explained matters to the constable's satisfaction, that astonished functionary stepped aside, and, with a polite salute, permitted the famous London divine and the learned doctor to pass on.

A CHANCE FOR SOMEBODY.—A fellow in Aroostook county, Maine, answered a New York advertisement representing that the advertiser could furnish any person with a wife. The advertiser replied by directing the writer to a neighboring asylum for idiots! The same youth, not at all abashed, whose name is John Morris, speaks of himself as follows:—"I am eighteen years old, have a good set of teeth, and believe in Andy Johnson, the star-spangled banner, and the 4th of July. I have taken up a state lot, cleared up eighteen acres last year, and seeded ten of it down. My buckwheat looks first rate, and the oats and potatoes are bully. I have got nine sheep, a two year old bull, and two heifers, besides a house and barn. I want to get married. I want to buy bread and butter, hoop skirts and waterfalls for some person of the female persuasion during my life. That's what's the matter with me. But I don't know how to do it."

A CALCULATING HEN.—The Canton (Mo.) Press is responsible for the following, which is certainly different from any hen performances in these parts. Our hens are ambitious to set as extensively as possible:—"A few days ago, a hen was found on a neighboring farm, incubating upon a nest of five eggs. Considering that too small an undertaking for a full-grown hen, the owner removed these, and placed thirteen fresh eggs in the nest. On examination soon after, it was discovered that the old biddy had deliberately rolled out eight, thus refusing to cover more than the original number. Four times the experiment was repeated with a similar result, and the obstinate hen was finally left to her select number, thus furnishing evidence not only of her reasoning powers, but of true feminine spunk."

☞ SPANISH PROVERBS.—Since I wronged you, I have never liked you. The day I did not sweep the house, there came one to it whom I did not expect. Never speak of a rope in the house of a man who was hanged. If you want to beat a dog, say he ate your iron. The gallows was made for the unlucky. To be a merchant, the art consists more in the art of getting paid than in making sales.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The excitement in the Flour market has entirely subsided; about 10,000 bbls found buyers, part for export, at $6,75@7,25 for superfine; $7,50@8,25 for extras; $8,25@9,50 for extra family, and $10@11 ₩ bbl for fancy lots. Rye Flour—Sales at $5,50@6 ₩ bbl for old stock and fresh ground.

GRAIN—There is more Wheat offering, and the market is dull; sales reach about 20,000 bushels, mostly reds, at $2,25@2,35 for old western and Pennsylvania; $2,10@2,20 for new southern do; the latter for fair, and $2,35@2,45 for white. Rye—Sales of old at $1,10, and new at 1,05. Corn—Sales 25,000 bushels at $1,05@1,06 for yellow, and 95@96c for white. Oats—Sales of 30,000 bushels at 60@66c for new, and 72@76c for old Pennsylvania and Delaware.

PROVISIONS—The market is firm, with a small business doing to Mess Pork at $32@33. Sales of Hams at $20@23; Mess is worth $12@13 for plain and extra quality. Bacon—Shoulders sell at 12½@13c. Green Meats: Hams in pickle are worth 22@23c, and Shoulders in salt at 17@17½c ₩ D. Lard; sales of prime Western tierce at 24@24½c, and kegs at 25@26c. Butter sells at 20@25c for fair to choice lots. Cheese is worth 15@17c, as in quality. Eggs are quoted at 20@22c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—Sales 100 bales at 45@47c for low and good middling quality.

BARK—A small sale of Quercitron was made at $32@32½ for 1st No. 1.

BEESWAX is worth 50@52c ₩ D.

COAL—There is more activity in the demand at $6,50@7 ₩ ton, on board at Richmond.

COFFEE—The market is quiet. Sales Rio at 21@22c for gold, and 375 bags 9c. Domingo at 23½c, currency.

FEATHERS—Sales at 70@72c ₩ D.

FRUIT—Green fruit is more abundant. Apples range at $3@7 ₩ bbl., and Peaches at 50c@$1,50 per basket.

HAY is selling at about $20 ₩ ton.

HOPS are quiet at from 20 to 40c ₩ D.

IRON—The market for all kinds is active; sales of 2500 tons Antioxelte Pig Metal are reported at $27 to 29 for No 1, and No 3 at $25 to 26 ₩ ton. Scotch Pig is quiet at $21@25.

PLASTER is firm, and quoted at $3,50@3,75 ₩ ton.

RICE—The demand is limited at 9½@9¾c for Rangoon, and 10½@10¾c for Carolina.

SEEDS—Sales Clover at $15@16 ₩ bus. Timothy—Sales are reported at $1,25@1,75 ₩ bus, as in quality. Flaxseed ranges at $2,45@2,50 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is worth $2,30@2,35. Whiskey—Sales of barrels at $2,20@2,22 for Pennsylvania, and $2,21@2,25 for Western.

WOOL—The market continues firm—sales of about 300,000 lbs are reported, mostly at 70@75c for medium and fine fleece; low grades are offered at 60@65c. Tub ranges at from 67 to 75c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1300 head. The prices realized from $11,00 to 14,00 ₩ 100 lbs. 2300 Hogs at from $15 to 16,75 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 6 to 8½ cts ₩ lb. 120 Cows brought from $25 to 53 ₩ head.

A Smart Man.

My friend lives three miles from the post office; and one stormy night last winter he told his new help to harness the horse, go down to the office, and see what there was in the box, giving him the number.

In due time Jerry returned, and put up his horse at the library door of Mr. C——, who, sitting in gown and slippers, was impatiently waiting the arrival of the mail.

"Well, Jerry, what was there at the post office for me?"

"Two letters and a paper, sir."

"Well, hand them to me! What are you standing there for?"

"Indade, sir, and you didn't tell me to bring them, at all, at all!"

Mr. C——, finding that Jerry had the best of it, asked him "what he went to the office for?"

Jerry replied: "You told me to go to the office and see what was in the box, and haven't I done it shure?"

Jerry had to harness up again, and take another ride in the cold, muttering as he went, that he wished his honor would "be afther manning what he said next time."

CANCERS CURED.

CANCERS Cured without pain or the use of the knife. Tumors, White Swellings, Goitre, Ulcers, and all Chronic Diseases successfully treated. Circulars describing treatment sent free of charge.

Address Drs. BABCOCK & SON,
aug5-3m No. 27 Bond Street, New York.

PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.—Chloasma, or Mothpatch (also called Liverspot), and Lentigo, or Freckles, are often very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, for the discolored spots show more plainly on the face of a blonde than of a brunette; but they greatly mar the beauty of either, and any preparation that will effectually remove them, *without injuring the texture or color of the skin*, is certainly a desideratum. Dr. B. C. PERRY, who has made diseases of the skin a speciality, has discovered a remedy for these discolorations which is at once prompt, infallible, and harmless.

Wholesale in Philadelphia by JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN, 23 North SIXTH Street, and by DYOTT & CO., 232 North SECOND Street.

Prepared only by B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, No. 49 Bond Street, New York, and for sale by all Druggists. Price, $2 per bottle. Call for

PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.

For further information address Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 BOND Street, NEW YORK. je17-3m

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THE HORRORS of war can be greatly mitigated by that sovereign remedy, HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT, as it will cure any wound, however desperate, if it be well rubbed around the wounded parts, and they be kept thoroughly covered with it. A pot of ointment should be in every man's knapsack. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 25 cents, 62 cts., and $1.00 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

BEAUTY.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1,15. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar1-1y

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THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF ENAMELLING THE SKIN.

HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 9th St., Philadelphia. mar1-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d of July, by the Rev. Saml. Dorborow, Mr. ANDREW ZELL, of Lancaster county, to Miss MARY A. BUCHANAN, of this city.

On the 26th of July, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. GEORGE W. COSTINE to Miss MAGGIE TERRY, both of this city.

On the 27th of July, by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. ROBERT NEWTON to Miss MARY MORGAN, of this city.

On the 2d of June, by the Rev. T. C. Murphy, Mr. WILLIAM P. MEARS to Miss MAGGIE H. DONAHUE, daughter of John Donahue, Esq., both of this city.

On the 30th of July, by the Rev. Wm. Calheart, Mr JOHN BENNETT to Miss ELIZA BOYD, both of this city.

On the 22d of Feb., by the Rev. Mr. Thomas, Mr. SAMUEL H. ELLIOTT to Miss JENNIE EDWARDS, both of this city.

On the 23d of July, 1865, by the Rev. J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. FRANK JORDON to Miss ELIZABETH LUKENBACH, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On 4th-day morning, 2d instant, SARAH, relict of the late Isaac Bullock, in her 73d year.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. SOPHIA SNYDER, in her 87th year.

On the 1st instant, Mr. GEORGE W. MOORE, in his 27th year.

On the 1st instant, Mr. JOHN COFFELDT, in his 45th year.

On the 31st of July, in this city, Rev. SAMUEL TOWNSEND, a resident of Columbia, South Carolina.

On the 31st of July, CATHARINE R. WORRELL, in her 60th year.

On the 30th of July, JOSEPH GRAHAM, aged 20 years.

On the 30th of July, REBECCA H., wife of Daniel P. Ridgway, in her 63d year.

On the 30th of July, Mr. HENRY MERKEL, in his 53d year.

On the 29th of July, THOMAS B. PATTERSON, in his 58th year.

On the 29th of July, Mr. WILLIAM GIBBWOOD, in his 40th year.

On the 28th of July, JOHN BOWERS, in his 55th year.

On the 23d of July, at his residence, in New Castle county, Del., ALEXANDER COOPER, in his 77th year.

He has gone to a mansion of rest,
From a region of sorrow and pain,
To the glorious land of the blest,
Where he never can suffer again.

CARD FOR NEW YEAR. 1865. EYRE & LANDELL. 1865.
ESTABLISHED IN 1840.

We always adhere to good Goods, and depend on fair dealing for patronage.

GOOD STOCK OF SILK GOODS.
GOOD STOCK OF DRESS GOODS
SHAWLS AND STAPLE GOODS.

mar18-1y

LOVE! LOVE!—How to win the undying love of the fair sex. Sent by mail for 5 cts. Address J. F. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills. aug12-4t

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DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face,) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM,
feb27-tf 199 Nassau street, New York City.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

HUMPHREY'S
SPECIFIC HOMŒPATHIC REMEDIES

HAVE PROVED, from the most ample experience, an *Entire Success*—Simple, Prompt, Efficient, and Reliable. They are the only medicines perfectly adapted to popular use. They have received the highest praise from the profession, the press, and the people, and will always render satisfaction.

No.		Prices of Single Boxes—Cents
1	—Cures Fevers, Congestion and Inflammation	25
2	" Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic, &c.	25
3	" Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants	25
4	" Diarrhœa of Children and Adults	25
5	" Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic	25
6	" Cholera Morbus, Nausea, or Vomiting	25
7	" Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis	25
8	" Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache	25
9	" Headaches, Sick Headache, or Vertigo	25
10	" Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach, Costiveness	25
11	" Suppressed, Scanty or Painful Periods	25
12	" Leucorrhœa, or Whites, Profuse Periods	25
13	" Croup, Hoarse Cough, Difficult Breathing	25
14	" Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	25
15	" Rheumatism, and all Rheumatic Pains	25
16	" Fever and Ague, Chill Fever—Old Agues	50
17	" Piles, Internal or External, blind or bleeding	50
18	" Opthalmy, Sore, Weak or Inflamed Eyes	50
19	" Catarrh, acute or chronic, or Influenza	50
20	" Whooping Cough, or violent Coughs	50
21	" Asthma, Oppressed, Difficult Breathing	50
22	" Ear Discharges and Impaired Hearing	50
23	" Scrofula, Enlarged Glands, Swellings	50
24	" General Debility, or Physical Weakness	50
25	" Dropsy and Scanty Secretions	50
26	" Sea-Sickness, or Sickness from riding	50
27	" Kidney Disease, Gravel, Renal Calculi	50
28	" Nervous Debility, Seminal Emissions, Involuntary Discharges	$1 00
29	" Sore Mouth, or Canker of Adults or Children	50
30	" Urinary Incontinence and Wetting the Bed	50
31	" Painful Periods even with Spasms	50
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STEEL PLATE.—Grandpa's Darling.
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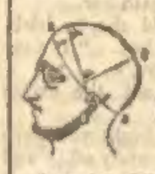

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" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
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WIT AND HUMOR.

Irish Adroitness.

Cæsar Otway tells a story of a curious little dapper exciseman, who entered Connemara, single-handed, to seize a fat lady who did a good business in French silks and laces. He met the contrabandist in a narrow pass, and came upon her, if I recollect aright, unexpectedly, from behind a rock. The lady, who was very large and fat, was riding on a pillion behind a servant boy. Although taken by surprise, she proved herself more than a match for the excise officer.

"I shall thank you, ma'am," said he, taking the horse by the bridle, "to dismount."

"Dismount! Arrah, what for, sir?" asked the lady.

"I am an officer in his Majesty's service, ma'am, and have reason to believe that you have contraband property about your person, or beneath the saddle of your horse."

Fortunately for the contrabandist she had none of the goods about her person; they were all stowed away beneath the pillon, or saddle, on which she sat.

"I really cannot come down," said the large, fat woman.

"But really, ma'am, you must," said the courageous little man, looking up at the mountain.

"Then if I do, sir, you must help me."

"With the greatest of pleasure, ma'am," said the miniature exciseman, holding up his hands to assist her.

The lady, who came "down at a run," hopped into his arms with a weight and velocity which threw him upon his back in the road, where she held him pinned beneath her.

"Ride away, ma bochal," said she, in Irish, turning her head to the servant boy. "It's me the gentleman wants, and not you."

"Let me up, madam!" roared the excise man.

"Oh, dear me, sir, what a fright you gave me," said she, rolling herself leisurely off; "and I declare that boy has rode off with the horse."
—*Once a Week.*

A Funny Court Scene.

A funny scene, and one not altogether in accordance with that chapter of the code regulating the duties of Justices of the Peace, was presented in a Justice's Court not ten miles from Dubuque, the other day.

A man was brought before the Squire to be tried for assault and battery. Now, be it remembered that the said Squire has an ardent love for the "craythur," and when his "love" is indulged to any great extent, he is outspoken, and betrays the "leanings" in the trial of a case.

Well, the principal witness for the prosecution was called in the above trial. He proceeded to tell his story.

"I was going along the street," said he, "and I saw the plaintiff standing near the curb-stone. The defendant came up to him, looked at him a second, and then struck him a *square blow*, and knocked him over."

"Bully for him! Bully for him!" shouted the Justice, in evident delight. "That's what I like to see, a *square blow!*"

The counsel and spectators were amazed, and sat looking at the delighted Justice like statues; then three or four of them burst into a laugh.

"Order in the Coort," cried the Squire. "This Coort must be respected in a proper manner. Proceed with your case, gentlemen."

"Well, but your Honor," said the counsel for the prosecution, "I'd like to know what kind of a proceeding this is. How can we try this case under such circumstances? Your Honor, show—"

"Order in the Coort," roared the Squire. "Gentlemen, proceed with your case. I'm glad it was a *square blow* he *struck* him!" he continued, ending the sentence in a hearty laugh.

Of course the prosecution "rested" here, and well they might. The "square blow" had settled their hash in that Court. The defence offered their testimony, and the Justice dismissed the case.

The Canada Skedaddlers.

A writer from La Crosse, Wisconsin, says the "delegates to Canada," who went to that land of promise a few months since, to see relatives, or to attend to a little business, are returning. Canada silver is now often to be seen in the hands of men, and faces long absent are becoming familiar all over the North. Men come quietly in, a little valise or satchel in hand. When the cars arrive, they gently step out on the opposite side from the depot, and, with the modesty of General Grant, pick their way on foot, preferring to walk rather than ride in a crowded omnibus! Quietly they walk to their homes, no brazen trumpet, piercing fife, or hollow drum disturbing the cats in their serenades, the chickens on the roosts, or the night police, as the warriors of peace return to lay down their arms beside them on a bed. We met one of these chaps the other day, just after his arrival.

"Halloo! when did you return?"

"Me? Oh, I've been back ever since last October."

"Ah! I hadn't seen you lately—did not know but you had been out of the city."

"No—*I've been sick for a month or so, that's all.*"

A Stretchy Yarn.

We were running down from Barbadoes, and the lady passengers were admiring the beautiful flying fish, when one turned to Jack Lacy, who had the wheel, and inquired—

"Jack, do these beautiful fish ever grow any larger?"

"Why, yes, marm. Down there at the Cape Verds, they grow as long as that mainmast."

"Indeed! And do they fly, like these?"

"Not 'zactly, marm. They flies longer and higher. Some on 'em fly just like eagles all day, and more'n two miles high. One day Bill Fawcett was sleepin' up in the foretop, with his dinner port wide open, and one of 'em Cape Verders flew right slap down his throat."

"Why, Jack, that was singular. A fish as long as that mainmast flying down a man's throat!"

"Beg pardon, marm, can't talk much at the wheel. I 'spect Bill must ha' stretched like blazes, or else my yarn has."

☞ READY REPLY.—Two old New England ministers were riding by a gallows, when the elder one asked the other, "Where would you be if that tree bore its proper fruit?" "Riding alone, sir," was the immediate reply.

LUSUS NATURÆ.

EXCURSION TOURIST.—"Most extr'or'nary cre'chur!"
FACETIOUS RUSTIC.—"Ah! that a be, measter, bred on this 'ere wery fa-arm he wor, tew!"

"REQUIESCAT IN PACE."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MRS. H. A. HEYDON.

Softly fold the eyes together,
And across the quite breast
Lay the hands so seldom idle,
Fold them for a long, long rest.

Toiling, toiling, ever toiling,
Patiently life's path he trod,
Humbly trusting for salvation
In the Holy One of God.

When across his pathway darkly
Rolled the waves of Jordan's tide,
Father, mother, baby called him
Over to the other side.

Softly losing earthly fingers
From their fond, detaining hold,
Treads he not life's thorny pathway,
But the shining streets of gold.

Softly fold the hand together,
Lay them on the quiet breast,
Let him sleep, from such a slumber
Waking is eternal rest.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PLOUGHING.

Once, during a discussion upon the subject of ploughing that occurred at the American Institute in New York, Solon Robinson, agricultural editor of the Tribune, whose original ideas are worth as much as those of any other agriculturist in this world, made the remark in a manner just exactly as if he had fully matured the thing:

"I think if I ever invent a plough, I will have it on the principle of a great *circular saw*, with long teeth that shall tear the surface of the earth all to pieces."

Yes, that's the idea to a demonstration—the genuine, true philosophy of cultivation. To tear the surface all to pieces—disintegrate, disturb. All that is requisite to put the soil in the best possible tilth, to impart to it the highest qualities of fertility so far as cultivation goes, is to change the relative position of particles. This has been abundantly proven by careful and long-continued experiments, and is often enough manifest if we will only turn our observation in that direction, in the underground course of the garden or meadow mole. The little ploughman turns over nothing, only upheaves and disintegrates, and yet we shall trace his devious track distinctly enough by the rankor growth of vegetation along its windings.

To us, it has always seemed that the practice of splitting the world apart with a great-handled wedge of iron, turning over long flakes of moist earth, packed by the lateral pressure until their upturned surface glistens like a hard-pressed brick, is a monstrous mistaken philosophy.

When some mechanical genius shall have put in practice Solon Robinson's philosophical idea and put in practical use a veritable *digger*, capable of "tearing to pieces" four acres of land per day, and drawn by a single pair of horses, as inevitably will be done before the world is a quarter of a century older, that man will have conferred upon the community a greater blessing than has been begotten of all the plough-building since the days of Abraham.

There was, a few years since, an awkward effort at a *digger*, and some unsatisfactory experiments made with the great, ponderous machine, resulted in its being thrown aside and pronounced impracticable. And once, in the year 1436, there was a clumsy affair went across the Bay of Barcelona, in Spain, propelled by steam. The monster was stoned to death, i. e. she was freighted deep with rocks and sunk in deep water, while her creator suffered martyrdom by burning, as a sorcerer. Nevertheless, after a lapse of nearly four hundred years, the sorcery was revived, and vessels propelled by steam became a world-wide necessity. And just so surely as we have steamboats, shall we have universal diggers superseding our world wedges. A light machine, having two or three mold-boards, turning furrows from four to six inches deep, to cover the manure spread upon the surface, might advantageously follow the disintegrator, and there would be a ploughing performed according to common sense and correct principles.

We would suggest to Mr. Bullock, the inventor of the hay-spreader and a good many other valuable machines, the propriety of turning his attention towards a digger substitute for our universal iron wedges. We have known Mr. Bullock many years as one of the most scientific and skillful mechanics in the United States, and are confident that if he can be induced to turn his attention towards a digger, he will certainly turn us out somothing that *will* dig effectually.

COMPOSTING.

We have preached from that text in one form and another not less than sixty times. We intend to preach *compost*, on an average, four times a year, so long as we talk or write rurally. It is always in season—compost is. And there are always several careless hearers needing to be reminded that a system of universal composting is the surest and most direct cut to a mint of cheap and valuable manure they can possibly follow.

Here is the practice followed by two of us neighbors, so long that its utility is verified beyond all question, and what we have done others may perform just as easily.

In a corner, just so far from the house that no offensive odors from the place shall assail your nostrils, but not so far away as to be inconvenient, commence your compost heap by pitching in, early in the spring, the scrapings and sweepings of the cellar, yard, and all the nooks and corners about the house that ought always to be cleaned out at this season. There's a nucleus—a foundation for your compost pyramid. Toss on a few shovelfuls of earth, and then continue the practice of pitching into the pile every objectionable thing offensive to the eye or nose, and earth them over slightly.

Nothing comes amiss in a compost pile—*i. e.*, nothing that is offensive and in your way. Make that corner a golgotha for every worthless cat, rat, snake, piratical hawk or crow you can kill. Make them all serviceable—compost them. All feathers, heads, entrails, of slaughtered fowls—pitch them over in that corner, or teach your people to do it. All offal from pigs, calves, lambs, or beeves, killed for market or home consumption, compost it all and cover with earth. If you find a worthless cur scratching out your buried treasure shoot and compost him. A composted dog is worth two dollars, which is one dollar and ninety-nine cents more than most vagabond dogs are worth alive.

Save up, or have saved all kitchen bits and scraps, all dish water, and soap suds through the week, and Saturday nights saturate the compost heap with it. Consign to the pile every old scrap of rusty iron that comes in the way, wrecked hoop skirts, dilapidated hats, old boots and shoes, stale brine from the beef, pork and fish barrels, weeds and trash gathered from the garden—pitch it all in. There is virtue in it, and your compost will be of more value than any mercantile manure you can purchase, for the simple reason that you have in it a combination of all the elements of plant food, whereas you have but a minimum of the material in the best manures in the market.

Please make the experiment of a compost heap for a single season, beginning as early in the spring as you begin to clean up about your premises, and continue through the season. If you follow our plan, and are ordinarily industrious, you will be astonished in the fall, to find you have gathered into a heap a hundred dollars' worth of manure you have always been in the habit of utterly wasting, and looking back through the season, you cannot find where the accumulation has cost you the outlay of a single dollar. Only a minute or two now, and a few minutes another time, when you would have been doing nothing else.

PASTURING STUBBLE.

If you have a dozen or more sheep, and a wheat field not seeded down to grass, as soon as the wheat is off the ground—and let that be very soon after it is cut—turn in the sheep. With the nicest of care in harvesting, there will always be a great many heads that will escape gathering. Now these stray heads may just as well be turned to good account as to be given to the birds and mice, or go back into the ground and become utterly lost. The sheep will find them all—every head of them. Besides, they will crop off a great deal of the stubble itself while it remains soft, and the lower joints retain their juices.

The stubble thus eaten being progressed in passing through the organism of the animal, is deposited in the field far better assimulated as food for the succeeding crop, than it would have been if left in its stubble state.

Another advantage of pasturing stubble fields with sheep, is that they will crop off a great variety of weeds that other animals will not meddle with, and thereby prevent them from running to seed and proving a pest another season. The same sheep rule holds good equally with rye and oat stubbles.

CORN WORMS.

We don't mean the rapacious, underground "gray back" grub—that insiduous thief which cuts off so remorselessly the tender plant just at the surface of the ground. That rascal we call the "cut worm." We have known him all our life, and know that as soon as the plant begins to put on its coat of silica, his avocation is gone.

It is the latter day pest to which we allude. That green, disgusting fellow, that has his origin somewhere, and somehow—we don't quite understand—perhaps some one does—that cuts into the top of the ear just when the grain begins to fill and eats his way downward, sometimes leaving the whole tip of the green ear a mass of nasty, slimy filth, sometimes cutting down a single row a third the length of the cob, and always disappearing when the grains begin to harden, always spoiling the appearance of, and our appetite for, the delicious green corn we used to be so fond of.

We have heard it argued that the pest has its origin in the mutilation of the tip of the ear by the crow. We do not believe a word of that doctrine, for the worst cut up ears we ever saw, we had in a patch of garden corn close to the house where no crow ever came.

Twice we experimented with good, strong, hard wood ashes applied to the hills just as the ears began to set. Certainly the ashed corn grew a great deal stouter, and was free from worms in both instances, though we are not quite positive that the ashes were the specific.

They are a disgusting, and becoming a very common nuisance, these green corn pests, and if there has been any one who has found a preventive or remedy for their depredations, wont they please speak out and tell us their experience?

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Madeline's Kitchen Cabinet.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FEW PLAIN DISHES.

I have gone the round in an amateur way of all the fancy, fantastic dishes I have ever seen or heard of, and vote in favor of a great many of the honest, plain, old-fashioned dishes that twenty-nine twentieths of the current generation never heard of. I don't pretend that I belong to an earlier period, but I have a mother—one of the best plain cooks on this continent who does, and a good many dishes traditional in this fast, fashionable age are common enough on her table. One of the most engaging of these among a company of honest, hungry people has been a favorite with the Hollanders ever since the days of Herr Schippie Von Winnerfleit, and the Dutch housewife skated to market. The Netherlands call the dish

CLINABERG.

I don't know why, unless they always made it as my mother does when she is to have nineteen at her table—in *little mountains*. It is a very simple dish, and easily enough achieved when once you have the material of the right sort—as all farmers and everybody else almost have in the country now-a-days—only good, sound potatoes—good—sweet, tender beets—not too large, a bit of butter, a little pepper, and a gill or so of vinegar.

Boil the beets without scraping until thoroughly done—potatoes, an equal quantity in a separate kettle, with their jackets on.

Peel both beets and potatoes in a hurry when boiled done, cut them in slices the thickness of a half-dollar—not a fractional currency one—first a beet, then a potato, then a beet again, and so on, so as to have them well mixed without stirring up much—cutting into a deep dish—sift in pepper occasionally, dash in now and then a thin bit of butter, with siftings as you build up of fine salt, and when the pile is finished for the table, pour slowly over it the gill, or gill and a half of good sharp vinegar. Serve and eat hot, and the chances are that the *Clinaberg* will be pronounced a most palatable *little mountain*.

POTATO PULP.

That is another favorite dish with the Netherlander, though why it should not have been christened *onion pulp* as well is more than I know. However I did not have the naming of it, though I have the making and eating of it many a time.

Boil good, sound, mealy potatoes in their hides, and an equal bulk of the largest onions to be had until both are thoroughly done. Peel them smoking hot; into a wooden bowl or deep tin pan with them—be in a hurry—pour in a pint of new, sweet milk, season with salt, dust with pepper, add as much good butter as you can afford, and beat away briskly with a potato pestle until not a vestige of anything like a lump remains in the mass. Serve in covered vegetable dishes hot, and eat directly. It is good and wholesome, and will as nearly melt in the mouth as anything I know of.

INDIAN PEACH MUSH.

Good, ripe peaches are never hurtful however we eat them. Corn meal makes a wholesome, light diet in many ways, and a bowl of sweet mush and milk occasionally affords a delicious supper.

Have ready prepared a quarter of a peck of rich, ripe peaches, cut small—get the water for mush boiling briskly, and begin to stir in coarsely ground, yellow corn meal and finely cut mellow peaches—half and half, until your mush is thick enough, then set the kettle back over a more moderate heat, and let the contents cook one hour. I have an opinion that very few will say—"I don't like that mush and milk."

PEACH SHORTCAKE.

Has any one ever heard of that other one who does not love dearly one of our old-fashioned, correctly made country shortcakes—or a liberal section of one? I have never done so. But I think the addition of good, ripe, mellow peaches to the cake is one of the greatest improvements of the age.

Make up your shortcake with sour milk, cream of tartar and saleratus, according to the approved formula, place it in a square tin or iron pan deep enough to make the cake an inch and a half thick, mark it off in oblong sections with a case knife, and when baked done, split it with a long bladed knife, and cover one half with a layer of good, mellow peaches sliced up, dot it with several small lumps of sweet butter, put the two halves together again, and return to the oven for a quarter of an hour.

Be careful when the cake comes to the table not to eat it all—as there may be others present who will like it as well as yourself.

☞ TRUST.—A merchant of Portland displayed in either window of his store on Wednesday last, this motto; "In God we Trust—Terms Cash." A good many people in other places besides Portland, have this *trust*, and on the same *terms*.

☞ Blessed is he who does not make a coat, for he will have no income tax to pay.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 7 letters.

My 1, 7, and 3, is a coloring liquid.
My 2, 5, and 6, means wrong or wickedness.
My 6, 2, 3, and 4, is something used by birds.
My 4, 5, and 6, is a metal.
My 6, 2, and 1, is a boy's nickname.
My 1, 2, and 6, is an indentation.
My whole is an invincible necessity—something fixed and unalterable.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.

My 1, 3, 4, 5, is a useful article in the farmer's kitchen.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, is a dangerous person.
My 3, 2, 4, is essential to life.
My 4, 3, 2, 1, is on every good farm.
My 1, 2, 5, is part of a cooking stove.
My 4, 3, 2, 5, is what Pennsylvania will long remember.
My 1, 3, 5, is what General Grant once was.
My whole is a French coin.

Nebraska. JOHN L. MARTIN.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1 is in toss, also in throw.
My 2 is in plough, also in hoe.
My 3 is in lager, also in mead.
My 4 is in drive, also in lead.
My 5 is in water, also in fire.
My 6 is in preacher, also in choir.
My 7 is in pencil, also in slate.
My 8 is in early, also in late.
My 9 is in frequent, also in rare.
My 10 is in dark, also in fair.
My 11 is in point, also in hilt.
My 12 is in innocence, also in guilt.
My 13 is in arrow, also in bow.
My 14 is in think, also in know.
My 15 is in oyster, also in pork.
My 16 is in knife, also in fork.
My 17 is in smile, also in sigh.
My 18 is in distant, also in nigh.
My 19 is in window, also in door.
My 20 is in sea, also in shore.
My 21 is in apple, also in pear.
My 22 is in horse, also in mare.
My 23 is in condor, also in wren.
My 24 is in freedom, also in den.
My 25 is in straighten, also in bend.
My 26 is in earn, also in spend.
My 27 is in commence, also in cease.
My 28 is in glue, also in grease.
My whole is one of the most important events of American history.

Newtown, Mercer co., N. J.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a vessel.
My second is a vowel.
My third is a female relative.
My whole is an isthmus, town and bay in South America.

EVA.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A right angled triangle, by starting at the right angle, and going on an angle of 22 deg. 30 min. from the base for a distance of 8 miles, it is found that it is just equal distances to each acute corner, and by going 3 miles farther on the same course, it will strike the Hypothenuse. Required, the sides of triangle. I will give $1 to any one solving this, and sending to my address.

GILL BATES.

Cambridge, Henry co., Ill.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Through a certain sphere, a plane is passed perpendicular to the radius; thus cutting off from the sphere a spherical segment having but one base. The diameter of the base of this segment is 8 feet; the altitude is 6 feet. Required, the solid contents of the spherical segment.

S. HORACE G.

Cincinnati, O.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is it that the moment of popping the question is so terrible to young fellows that they frequently cannot utter a word? Ans.—Because, just then, they love the fair one beyond expression.

☞ Why is an accepted suitor like a person guilty of a crime? Ans.—Because he ought to be transported.

☞ Why is a man who beats his wife like an exquisitely formed dog? Ans.—Because he is a perfect brute.

☞ Why does a salmon die before it lives? Ans.—Because its existence is *ova* before it comes to life.

☞ What do cats have which no other animal has? Ans.—Kittens.

Answer to Charade,

BY R. H. WALTER, WEST CHESTER, PA., JULY 29.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1st. "Brandy may be *good* at times,
When exhausted nature fails;
But closer friendship leads to crime,
Too numerous in its details.
2d. "Wine" truly will oft strength impart,
As used by "*Christian Commission*,"
To cheer the weary soldier's heart,
Who fought for *union*—not division!
Alas! that such a gift divine,
Be turn'd to sad abuse—
To make its votaries herd with swine,
And give them of the *blues!*
Milk—honey—flow'd in ancient lands,
A country truly fine;
All which "good Chester" far transcends,
There flows the famous "*Brandy-wine*."

PH. WALTER.

Nazareth, Northampton co., Pa.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—The Emancipation Proclamation. ENIGMA—William Tecumseh Sherman. RIDDLE—"The Union first; Peace second; War last; Separation never."